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M.D., F.R.C.P.

A FOLLOWER OF ST. LUKE

BY HIS WIFE

PREFACE BY

THE LORD BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD

[illegible]

"O ye holy and humble men of heart,
Bless ye the Lord."

LONDON
[illegible] STOCK, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1908

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›MUND SYMES-THOMPSON

M.D., F.R.C.P.

A FOLLOWER OF ST. LUKE

BY HIS WIFE

PREFACE BY

THE LORD BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD

FORTITER
FIDELITER
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PREFACE

IT is an honour to be associated in any way with so noble a character as Dr. Symes-Thompson, and I gladly pay my tiny tribute to the memory of one whom, in common with many others, I owe so much of help and encouragement.

This little book is only intended to be a brief sketch of a many-sided and duty-loving life. Many who could not read a long biography will be grateful for these touches by a loving hand. It is helpful to struggling, tempted workers even to have a glimpse of a picture of one who was a leader against the strongholds of human ills. Such a picture we have here: the portrait of a conscientious and distinguished medical man, who was not only eminent in his own profession, and a specialist in his own line, but was known and appreciated by a wide circle for his broad sympathies, his multiplied interests, his well-stored mind, his deep moral enthusiasm, and, above all, his convinced Christian witness.

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And behind all his public activities was the background of a supremely happy home-life.

His name will always be associated with the Hospital for Consumption, with the Gresham Lectureship, and with the Medical Guild of St. Luke—a Guild for those who believe that Christianity and Science are not antagonistic, but revelations of the same Mind. To thousands who have consulted him in his wide practice there will be an undying memory of kindness beyond words, of thorough painstaking inquiry and advice, and of that rare combination of strength and tenderness which, when found (as it is so often found) in an eminent physician, is indeed a lovely thing.

The book can only give a slight idea of his unwearied activities. He literally wore himself out in ceaseless ministries of help to his fellow-men.

G. R. W.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	FOREWORD	1
I.	HIS EARLY HISTORY, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS	5
II.	EARLY LIFE, 1863-1872	21
III.	THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE, 1872-1897	39
IV.	GRESHAM COLLEGE AND THE EALING COLLEGE FOR TRAINING TEACHERS OF THE DEAF	73
V.	CLIMATES AND HEALTH RESORTS	93
VI.	THE GUILD OF ST. LUKE	103
VII.	HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS—LIFE ASSURANCE	115
VIII.	CAVENDISH SQUARE AND FINMERE, 1897-1904	125
IX.	THE LAST TWO YEARS ON EARTH	145
X.	HIS LOVE OF NATURE AND ART—REMINISCENCES OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE	165
XI.	HIS WRITINGS, AND A FEW TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY	179

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

DR. E. SYMES-THOMPSON'S BOOK-PLATE.

E. SYMES-THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.P. - *Frontispiece*

THE HOME FOR INVALIDS AT DAVOS - *Facing page* 46

LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA SANATORIUM AT DAVOS „ „ 48

FINMERE HOUSE, OXFORDSHIRE: DR. E. SYMES-THOMPSON'S COUNTRY HOUSE „ „ 128

FOREWORD

"Can we forget one friend?
Can we forget one face
Which cheered us toward our end,
Which nerved us for our race?
One presence which has made us know,
To God-like souls, how deep our debt;
We would not—if we could—forget!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WHAT is it that makes us all like a good novel? The incidents? Yes, in part; but chiefly the unfolding of character — the God-like acts of some, the evil deeds of others, and a chromatic scale of motives and actions in between. The author seizes points from real people, and his own genius and imagination finally create each vivid personality. When all is said and done, and our emotions have been aroused, we feel like the child at the theatre, who was comforted when his mother said: "Never mind; don't cry! It's all make-believe."

But when we turn to a biography we are reading the life-history of a real man. If we have children of our own, we long to know how early years showed signs of promise, what influences entered into the

life to form the character and to make him the man we know him to have been. We want to fill up our lack of knowledge of certain chapters in his career, and to form, from the whole, our judgment as to whether his life was worth living or whether it was lived in vain.

In writing, at the request of many friends, this record of the life of Edmund Symes-Thompson, my husband for thirty-four years—my husband still, though now promoted to a higher sphere—I plead guilty to the charge brought against most biographers—that they see all the greatness and beauty, and are blind to the failings of the character described. His sense of God's presence put to flight the petty cares that eat out the nobleness of life. He was "a hero to his *valet de chambre*." In other words, all who knew him best loved him most. I think of him as Tennyson thought of his friend in "In Memoriam":

> "I would the great world grew like thee,
> Who grewest not alone in power
> And knowledge, but, by year and hour,
> In reverence, and in charity."

It has been impossible to keep out of view many details of family life, and equally impossible to include anecdotes about patients, though a friend wrote:

"If I had to do the Life, I should fill it with stories of the clever way he tackled and conquered cases of that pathetic complaint—chest-disease."

I have, however, brought into prominence the means he took to make himself conversant with his special subject and the various phases of his more public life, knowing that they will be of interest to his medical confrères, his troops of personal friends, and that large class which has such a tender relationship with a medical man—his patients, their relatives, and his own "kith and kin."

The character sketches are in the words of some of those who loved him, brief records inspired by the recollection of that strong, vigorous body working in harmony with the great soul within.

Here is one:

"The Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Handley Moule venture this brief assurance of personal sorrow, reverent sympathy, undying and grateful memory of the Lord's servant gone, and of blessed hope of the return and resurrection."

The Rev. Canon Newbolt wrote:

"The Guild of St. Luke, and, indeed, the whole Church of England, has lost a friend whom it is hard to spare. . . . I trust it may be some comfort to you to feel how much he has done for the cause of true health, and I hope and pray that God will give you His own peace and a sense of union with the Church within the veil."

The Bishop of Gibraltar, on hearing of his death, wrote from Alicante:

"It is now eighteen months since I last consulted Dr. Symes-Thompson. But he has been often in my

thoughts. . . . For nearly twenty years I have thought of him as 'the beloved physician.' There can be few who have done so much good as he, either as physician of the body or of the soul."

The presidential address to the Fellows and members of the Royal College of Physicians in March, 1907, contained a notice of him, in which Sir R. Douglas Powell ended thus:

"I knew Symes-Thompson fairly intimately as a colleague and as a friend, and I never remember him to have attributed an evil motive or to have used a deprecatory word with regard to anyone."

Such are the feelings expressed in over a thousand letters, pouring out love, admiration, and reverence for a man who, with wonderful mental powers and vast enthusiasm in the pursuit of scientific knowledge, preserved through a long and unusually active life "the spirit of a little child."

If the following pages appear in the eyes of some readers to be too much in the words of others, I may answer that it was more as a compiler than as a writer that I entered upon this little effort. It was with a special desire to join with his, the names and the words of some of his friends, and in the hope that they may be pleased to have in their possession a record, however inadequate and incomplete, of a strenuous and many-sided life.

LILLA SYMES-THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I

HIS EARLY HISTORY, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS

"Ohne Hast, ohne Rast."
GOETHE.

'Never hasting, never resting,
With a firm and joyous heart
Ever onward, upward tending,
Bravely thou wilt act thy part."

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."
PROV. xiii. 20.

CHAPTER I

HIS EARLY HISTORY, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."
B. DISRAELI.

I.

BY HIS BROTHER, THE REV. ARTHUR S. THOMPSON, B.D.

EDMUND SYMES-THOMPSON was born on November 16, 1837, at 15, Keppel Street, a few doors from Russell Square. The next house was the one in which Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was born. Here our father, Dr. Theophilus Thompson, one of the founders of the Brompton Hospital, and physician there for many years, began his practice immediately after his marriage.

Over all this neighbourhood a sort of literary atmosphere arose from the British Museum and shed itself around. This region was in the early part of the nineteenth century the special nidus of the literary and artistic life of London.

In our next home, 3, Bedford Square, to which we moved about 1843, there was a new element. That square was the abode of many of the eminent lawyers of the day. Baron Alderson, the late Lord

Salisbury's father-in-law, occupied one house, and Mr. Justice Pratt another, while Sir Robert Inglis, the Member of Parliament for Oxford University, was a still nearer neighbour, and became an intimate friend of my father's.*

The first school Edmund entered was kept by a quaint old pedagogue, Dr. Grey; but when he was only eight he began his career at St. Paul's School, then on the east side of St. Paul's Cathedral, and faithfully transacted all the classes up to the eighth, which he left in 1853.

St. Paul's was an old-fashioned classical school, departing not in any respects from the traditions of Dean Colet, its founder. Symes-Thompson's mind was one of those to which the verbal training of the old Grammar School system did not appeal, and it was not till his faculties of observation were quickened by the study of botany and physical science at about the age of seventeen, that his great mental force grew conscious of itself and revealed itself properly.

The culture of athletics did not flourish anywhere at that date as it does now, but a day-school in the City put many disabilities of its own, on organized games. Our chief recreation in those earlier school-days was sailing model boats upon the Serpentine, and this ambition culminated in a Yarmouth-built

* Theophilus Thompson, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., died in 1860, and his wife (*née* Wathen) in 1867. Among her ancestors was Dr. Samuel Wathen, M.D., of Aberdeen, 1752, who practised in London during the latter part of the eighteenth century. *Vide* "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," Vol. II.

cutter, whose topmast stood over six feet from the deck, while its ballast consisted of thirty pounds of lead in ingots stored within the hull. It was one of the largest and fastest boats on the Serpentine, and won several races. This boat we used to wheel up to Hyde Park on a little trolly especially constructed for the purpose.

The Mercers' Company (the patrons of St. Paul's School) used to rent quarters for the school's cricket-field, first at Copenhagen Fields; and—when dispossessed there, by the new Cattle Market—at Kennington Oval. The Pauline first eleven (in which Symes-Thompson was given his place) had in the early fifties no mean repute, considering the size of the school (153), and besides conducting pretty equal contests with the "Merchant Taylors" and the "City of London," it presumed to challenge such schools as Marlborough and Rugby with no ignominious results. But the ruling recreation of the later years of his school-life was rowing. In this he was led and trained by his eldest brother, Wathen. On two or three days a week in summer he used to take an oar in a gig or half-outrigged four, and pull either up or down stream, as the tide invited, from Searle's at Westminster—where St. Thomas's Hospital terrace extends itself now—perhaps to Greenwich, or perhaps to Putney or Kew. He was a good oar, and would have won many more trophies than he did if he had had the chance of hunting for medals or "pewters" on the banks of the Cam or the Isis.

It has been hinted that he did not discover any

great intellectual stimulus in grammar or Latin verses! At that time these were the all-sufficing pabulum for Paulines; but there is no doubt that there was nourishment for some part of his mental fibre, and that his imagination answered to the call which the high master of his day, Dr. Kynaston, addressed with especial power to his pupils. It was his eminent gift to impart a love for good books, and quicken the zest of a literary taste.

Dr. Kynaston rejoiced in the successes of his pupil, and wrote a few years later to the governors of Gresham College:

"I wish to give him the benefit of my testimony to his eminent worthiness, founded on my recollection of his career in this place, and the remarkable accumulation of honours which he obtained at King's College and in the University of London, distinctions which, I should consider, were *never exceeded, if equalled*, by any student of medicine in London or elsewhere."

His prizes filled one of his book-cases, and a Russian malachite box contained his medals.

Dr. Symes-Thompson was vice-president of the Old Pauline Club at the time of his death. His arms have been placed in one of the windows of the modern St. Paul's School at Hammersmith.

As a family we had the advantage of several country resorts always open to us. For a Sunday rest or change there was always at hand the hospitable roof of our great friends the Hilhouses, at Herne Hill. Juniper Hall, under Box Hill, in Surrey, welcomed us for any small holiday space,

such as Easter, or Whitsuntide, or Christmas. The charms of this sweet place have been sketched by Miss Constance Hill recently.* It was a rendezvous of certain illustrious personages during the French Revolution, including General Alexandre d'Arblay and Fanny Burney, afterwards his wife. The value of this retreat was incalculable. It was our domestic convalescent home, and served Symes-Thompson well, when he was recovering from a dissecting wound while a student at King's College Hospital. The restfulness of the sloping park, glades, and woods, with Box Hill on one side and the Epsom Downs on the other, endeared this spot to us not less than the unfailing welcome given by the dear, kind aunt, Miss Beardmore.

Poundsford Park, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, was another country home where we used to pass our summer holidays. It was a fine old Tudor house of the time of Henry VII., with noble elm avenues and miles of copses, with streams and ponds which provided all sorts of temptations and rewards for juvenile anglers. "Uncle Thomas" was a notable character, and his wife, the sister of the first Earl of Gainsborough, was a lady of the most sweet and saintly temper, full of mercy and good works. Her chamber in one of the old turrets, where she compounded "pills and potions, salves and lotions," for a large circle of her poor neighbours, was a dispensary of high renown and extensive

* "Juniper Hall," by Constance Hill.

practice. The house is now the residence of Bishop Moorhouse. The old hall was full of portraits of the Wellmans (ancestors of our aunt's first husband), which were an unfailing interest and curiosity to us as boys.

When this uncle left Poundsford, he took Piercefield Park, on the Wye, between Tintern and Chepstow, and the welcome we always had there was in turn transferred to another historical place, when he removed to Prior Park, Bath. This building served as a Protestant fort, between two tenancies of it as a Roman Catholic seminary!

Something has been said of Symes-Thompson's great enthusiasm in the study of plants. The afternoons spent at the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park were times of real enjoyment.

From botany he passed on to chemistry, and, later, the physiological work he did with Lionel Beale trained his mind to inquiries which became to him full of zest and intellectual delight.

He filled all the posts open to students at King's College Hospital, and was as highly appreciated by his teachers as by his fellow-students. From the first he gained the affection of the patients who came under his care in the out-patient department, and afterwards in the wards.

In due course he was elected Assistant Physician. A writer in the *British Medical Journal* of December, 1906, called attention to his "remarkable power of rapid examination and diagnosis amongst his out-patients," and adds:

"I remember the late Sir J. Burdon-Sanderson, who was then on the staff of the hospital, remarking to me that he never knew an Assistant Physician deal so quickly and effectively with them as Dr. Symes-Thompson. This happy facility showed itself in his wards and in private practice, and it proved invaluable when examining candidates for life insurance. When there were a number of applicants, and a Board of Directors waiting for the medical officer's report on each, Symes-Thompson was the man to settle matters quickly and satisfactorily. Not unnaturally, he attained a high position in the Insurance World, and some of his best contributions to medical literature were those on the medical examination of lives."

II.

By his Sister, Mrs. Robert Cholmeley.

It is difficult, when one's brother has been enshrined in one's heart always, to get far enough away from the thought of him to describe him to others. All that is possible to me is to thread a few memories on a string, and offer them to his friends, to add to those they treasure already among their own precious possessions.

During the early years at home, I see, in a dim chamber of my mind, looks and smiles on his dear face which helped to brighten and fill my lonely childhood; but I have no definite events to record, till about 1855, when he began to prepare for his matriculation examination. We worked at botany and some other subjects together, and became com-

rades, having many week-day interests in common, and going together to All Saints', Margaret Street, on Sundays. I remember that we strongly resented having to sit on different sides of the church, but discovered a place at the back where we might sit together, and were content. We studied the Bible together in these days, and made diligent efforts to get through "Lowth on Isaiah" and some of Scott's "Commentary" (delighted in by our dear old grandfather, who lived with us). We were, however, much relieved when we turned our attention to Matthew Henry's "Commentary" instead, which is enlivened by a delightful and spicy humour, without losing its spirit of reverence. The years passed all too swiftly, illuminated, as they were, by Edmund's increasing delight in his chosen profession and his continued successes in his examinations. Then came the cloud of our beloved father's illness. Edmund was a help and comfort throughout this sad time to all of us—to our father himself, above all, and especially to our mother and to me.

One winter at Brighton (about 1858) a friend—Miss Anna White — with whose mother we were staying in Regency Square, used to watch with admiration his faithful unselfishness. She has often reminded me how he used to sit reading, and apparently absorbed, but the least movement on our father's part found Edmund ready to move him or carry him upstairs, or to fetch anything he wanted, not waiting to be asked, and without the slightest fuss, just as a matter of course. On the journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, where our father was recommended

to go for the baths, there was a difficulty about the steps to the gangway leading on to the deck of the vessel, but Edmund carried him over immediately, and was his faithful attendant during our stay abroad.

The same readiness to help was one of his great characteristics all his life—from seeing that flowers were not left without water in any house where he found himself and the flowers, to rousing an apparently dying dipsomaniac, who consulted him professionally, to Hope, Faith, and Reformation.* Under every circumstance in which help was needed and to every one he could reach he did his best, and a good best indeed it was.

The stay and comfort of his presence during the sad days of July and August, 1860, when our father passed from us, remain among most precious memories for ever to me and to the dear brother Arthur who shared his ministrations, and will for ever share our tender gratitude.

Then come crowding thoughts of our home together at 3, Upper George Street. Even with our father gone, Edmund, with Arthur at first and then alone, succeeded in bringing daily joy and interest and the savour of life to our mother and to me.

Those who know what the presence of an absolutely unselfish man can be, when he is not only unselfish, but full of interests of his own, in real things and people, and always ready to share and to

* This gentleman stood up after one of the Gresham Lectures and publicly thanked the Professor for giving him back life and, what was better than life, character and home.

care, seeking the highest and serving the lowliest, thinking nothing of himself and the best always of others — those who have this rare joy among their treasures, even if it be but a memory, can tell what he made our life. How sweet his temper always was! The only time I ever remember succeeding in nearly provoking him was one day when I was very anxious for him to do some small thing or other, and reiterated the directions, adding at last pathetically: "You won't forget, will you, Eddie?" He replied with a quaint composure: "I will if you tell me *once* more."

He was always an extraordinarily interesting talker and a born lecturer, making daylight in his hearer's understanding by clever little plans and diagrams, as well as by his own eager and clear thought. Full of fun he was, and of light-hearted pleasure in this beautiful world, and in all the dear and interesting people he came across every day.

I do not think so habitually helpful a person *can* be overwhelmed by any abstract ideas of evil or misfortune. "Here is a misfortune, what can we *do!*" was the invariable attitude of his mind. To how many of his patients his bright personality brought healing quite as much as his advice, wise and excellent as that always was! His sister naturally fears that she may be accounted "partial," but how many—*how many* agree that there never was a physician who inspired them with such absolute trust, or considered all their circumstances with such wise insight and success!

The wife of a missionary Bishop, who had suffered from many years of torrid zones, said to me:

"Ah! last time I came to England for advice I was able to go to your brother. How different other doctors are—kind and wise, but not with that inspired instant power of understanding everything about one which made his advice a thing to trust and cling to and to be cured by."

Our officers in the Church Army have, so many of them, grateful stories to tell of his unfailing kindness and attention. It refreshed my soul to hear a woman say of his son, Dr. Henry Symes-Thompson, the other day what was so often said of my brother:

"At the 'orspitle, mum, he sets and listens to what you have got to say. He don't seem to think he knows everything before you speak. Well, it do stand to reason doctors can cure you much better if they give theirselves a chance to be told what you would like 'em to cure you of."

After Edmund's happy marriage and to the end, he was the same to me, to us all. He was the comfort of our sister's heart in her long painful illness, making nothing of the long journey to Sunderland if he could relieve and cheer her, even though he knew there was nothing more for medical science to suggest.

For myself, how often his smile and gentle pat on the shoulder, and his words, "You'll do; there's nothing much the matter, I think," have reassured me into perfect health when I began to think I was

going to be ill. And when I was ill, he was always ready to come day after day and cure me in mind and body with his presence and his skill.

The secret of his goodness was, of course, that his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. He had a very childlike trust, as his was not a complex nature; and we think now with great comfort how he is enjoying the study of those great truths of theology in which he was always so deeply interested.

The loving-kindness of the Lord shone through him in a very remarkable degree. Would we could follow him in his faithful use of every opportunity for helping and serving, and could give ourselves to others as he did, therein surely following and glorifying his Lord.

In his own illnesses (I do not now speak of the last) he was just as bright and cheerful as when he was well—perhaps the medical aspect of the case gave one element of interest; but, be that as it may, he certainly proved that it is possible for a good doctor to be a good patient. I should say that he also practically solved the problem—a difficulty with so many excellent people—how to take real and detailed care of health, never foolishly omitting precautions or neglecting immediate use of remedies, and yet never being fussy, or within measurable distance of being preoccupied with himself.

He had a happy nature, and, thank God! he had a happy life. His friends and relations, flowers, birds, pictures, thoughts on many subjects (so long as they were not clad in poetical form!), his beloved and cherished children, his tenderly beloved and

cherished wife, he enjoyed them all; and above and beyond all, his spirit rested on the love of the God he worshipped with undoubting faith and willing obedience. As we think of all this, we hear an echo of the voice: "He that is wise will ponder these things, and he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

If anyone asks what was the moulding influence which by God's blessing made my brother what he was, the answer is easy: it was his father.

His father was a scientific man of rare gifts and great wisdom, who not only built up his children's characters by the daily influence of what he was and what he said, but who made their lives his ceaseless study, guiding each step with earnest thought and prayer.

To Edmund, who was to be a healer like himself, he gave his *best*, and even his own early death did not check the strong power by which he lived on in his son.

HONOURS AND PRIZES OBTAINED BY EDMUND SYMES-THOMPSON.

At the University of London.

Scholarship in Medicine (first of his year).
Gold medal.
Honours (third) in Surgery.
Honours in Botany and Midwifery.

At King's College, London.

Prizes in Comparative Anatomy.
" Surgery.
" Clinical Surgery.
" Clinical Medicine.
The Leathes and two Warneford Prizes.
Gold medal and £20 worth of books for Divinity and general proficiency.
Todd's Prize for Clinical Medicine.
Honour Certificates in Anatomy, Practical Anatomy, Physiology, Practical Chemistry, Midwifery, Materia Medica, Botany, Medical Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Clinical Medicine.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE—1863-1872

"Kiss of the angel that comes when dreams
Are more sweet than all sweetness that is or seems,
Fire in the cloud of the opal burning,
Fall of a footstep at eve returning,
Clasp of a hand that thrills to the soul,
Bliss of a spirit that wins its goal."

DORA GREENWELL.

". . . . Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought that happy summer brings,
To the pure spirit is a word of God."

H. COLERIDGE.

"We should have a great deal less to answer for at the Day of Judgment, if we never wrote a letter which we could not sign with the Sign of the Cross."

E. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE—1863-1872

"Life without Love is as a flower without fragrance."

"True happiness on duty waits;
And Man below, to God above,
His noblest effort consecrates,
Of time, of talent, and of Love."

W. S. MAVOR, M.D.

EDMUND SYMES-THOMPSON graduated M.B. of the University of London in 1859, where he won, as has been more fully stated, high honours in surgery, obstetrics, and physiology, and received the University Medical Scholarship and the gold medal. In 1860, at the early age of twenty-three years, he took his M.D. degree, and was elected assistant-physician to King's College Hospital. He became a Member of the Royal College of Physicians in 1862 and Fellow in 1868. When he was elected assistant-physician at Brompton in 1863, Sir Andrew Clark wrote:

"I have had the pleasure of knowing him for several years, and am glad to give public expression of the high opinion which I have been led to form of his character, abilities, and knowledge. Able, zealous, discreet, with a well-disciplined and finely balanced mind and a great

aptitude for the acquisition and communication of knowledge, I regard Dr. Symes-Thompson as one who is destined to occupy a distinguished place in his profession, and to prove of great service to society at large."

Francis Sibson, F.R.S., then Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, said:

"I have known Dr. Symes-Thompson for five or six years, and have formed the highest opinion of him. He is a genuine and quiet worker, and a sound, thoughtful, and original observer. His amiable nature and honourable character make themselves felt. As a colleague I can say from experience, that he is all that can be desired. I know no one more fitted than Dr. Symes-Thompson for the office of Assistant Physician to the Consumption Hospital."

He gave up King's College Hospital in 1865, as his work became more specialized, and became full Physician at Brompton in 1870. This post he retained for twenty years, and he was Consulting Physician from 1890 to 1906.

He belonged to most of the medical societies of London, and to the Continental Anglo-American Medical Society, and was chairman at their annual dinner in 1902 in Paris. He was Fellow and for four years Secretary to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society. He was Fellow (and for three years Secretary), Orator, and Vice-President of the Medical Society of London. He was Fellow of the Clinical Society, and editor of the report of that Society on "The Influence of Quinine in Fever," and Fellow and President of the Harveian Society.

He valued and made great use of his Fellowships in the Meteorological Society and the Royal Colonial Institute in his great life work. It was his ambition to join with others in finding out something by which he might contribute to growing knowledge as to pulmonary disease. He wanted to warn poor humanity not to step into the yawning gulf which so many treasured and valuable lives helped to fill—by providing strong fences of early preventive treatment at home, and setting up plainly written hand-posts, directing those who would have been its future victims, to leave their dear old England, for dry, sunny lands where the invigorated body would cease to have any tendency to disease.

He often said: "Many poor people would never have been in our hospitals, but for their sin in leaving their healthy, happy country homes, where work and sympathy are always to be had, for the gayer, more exciting life and (as they fondly hoped) the better pay in our great cities. They sink amid the overcrowding which they and the multitudes of poverty-stricken foreigners who invade our great towns, have caused; and when sickness overtakes them, they learn too late the mistake they have made."

He believed in the motto, "If preventable, why not prevented?"* And with regard to the wealthier classes of patient, he often mourned: "They are brought to the physician too late. Many are im-

* These words of the King formed the heading of Dr. Wethered's carefully prepared essay, aided by the plans of Mr. George Allen, the architect, which won the second prize in the King's Sanatorium Competition.

mersed in their business and their pleasures, and the inevitable rush of their lives, so that they 'love themselves last,' and take no notice of their ailments, till in many cases the time has gone by when recovery is possible." He waxed eloquent on the proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," and said that those hard workers who still worked when health began to fail, whatever the cause they worked for, were like badly brought-up children, who have never learned obedience, self-control, and thrift.

His friend George Cowell, F.R.C.S., thus wrote of him:

"Dr. Symes-Thompson deservedly attained to a high position in his profession. He was a distinguished physician and a high authority in the speciality he made his own. He was a man of broad mind and wide sympathies, and never submitted to the cramping tendencies sometimes inseparable from specialism. He was remarkable for his extreme geniality, a warmth of feeling which always put his friends at their best, and which included a sympathy with the views of those who differed from him which went far to disarm opposition. His pleasant, clear voice and earnest manner helped in this constant expression of geniality, and his power of lucid argument always made his conversation and his lectures interesting and attractive. It was well said by a correspondent of the *Times* that, though 'he was a man of wide reading and much activity of thought and research, his mind was ever looking for harmonies rather than discrepancies or antagonisms, and in his single-hearted, simple life of loving-kindness he was constantly influencing those with whom he had to do, to take a deeper and happier view of things seen and unseen.' His warm sympathies led him to interest himself in his old school-fellows and former

fellow-students, and all that related to them. Some of his contemporaries were Bishop Webb, of Grahamstown; Bishop Hicks, of Bloemfontein; Dr. Blyth, the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem; and Dr. H. T. Kingdon, Bishop of Fredericton, New Brunswick. He took the keenest interest in their work, and even visited Bishop Blyth in the Holy Land. His longing to help the tempted, the suffering, and the ignorant led him to exert himself in such questions as temperance, the oral instruction of the totally deaf, the Church Army, and missionary work. He served on the Council and the Literary Committee of the S.P.C.K. Dr. Symes-Thompson, in addition to his medical care, threw himself into his patients' troubles and anxieties, and always helped them with his sympathetic kindliness and judgment. His quiet and steadfast character on the one hand, commanded confidence on the other, both of which conditions are as rare as they are fascinating. He will indeed be missed by all."

This letter takes one's thoughts back to his earlier years, and besides those professional friends already mentioned, we recall great intimacy with Sir Henry Acland, Sir Thomas Watson, Paget, Critchett, Bowman, Quain, George Johnson, White Cooper, Radcliffe, Russell Reynolds, Jenner, Erichsen, Henry Lee, Hermann Weber, Pollock, Tweedy, Christopher Heath, Ord, Williams, Douglas Powell, Broadbent, Frank Mason. Also Ewart, Russell Wells, Wethered, and a host of others of modern days.

Among the names of those friends practising in the country the following stand out: Bagshawe, Dunlop, Atchley, Wickham, Whitehead, Aikman, Hemsted, Mavor, Hayes, Martin Woodward,

Grindrod, Murray, Huxley, Goodchild, Solly, Armstrong, Watmough, Hicks, Holland, Gardner, and others in our English and foreign health resorts.

Very many of these have passed on to the land of wider knowledge, but junior men in the profession were always coming to the front, and very warm were his friendships during the whole of his career. He loved his long talks with medical friends, and enjoyed the dinners and other social gatherings when kindred and non-kindred souls meet together, feeling that

> "Ground in London's social mill
> We rub each other's angles down."

It was to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest at Brompton that this follower of "the beloved Physician" gave the greatest part of his adult life.

It is wonderful that, when Edmund was only twenty-six, men like Sir James Paget, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir William Bowman, F.R.S., and Richard Partridge, F.R.S., were already able to speak of him as one with whom they had had a professional and personal friendship of several years.

I met my husband for the first time in 1870 at the house of our friend Mr. Robinson, of Heathfield, Potters Bar, whose invitations were afterwards seldom refused by him, though it was not till 1871 that he made the acquaintance of my father and mother. They were so charmed with the brilliancy and versatility of his conversation that the following day they did a thing they had never done before, and asked "that interesting man we met last night" to

fill a vacant place at their dinner-party the following week! This was the beginning of a friendship which brightened the lives of my dear parents; while, as for ourselves, I think we had already overleaped the gate from the field of friendship into the paradise of love.

> "Unchanged it seems, yet who can stay
> The water's ceaseless motion?
> The tiny waves of yesterday
> To-day have reached the ocean."

My father, mother, and I stayed, as was our annual custom, at the Langham Hotel for the first week in January, 1872, and we made the constant plans for meeting such as those who want to meet know so well how to compass, even in busy lives. All became *couleur de rose*. We saw for the first time his house, 3, Upper George Street, looking into Bryanston Square, which he had occupied for twelve years. He had invited his younger sister Constance and her husband, Dr. Robert Cholmeley, to meet us at lunch, and we arranged to go to picture-galleries and to enjoy some exquisite music together.

He also took us over his beloved hospital at Brompton, and there we met some of his colleagues. After that visit of ours to London a greater courage brought him much oftener to our happy vicarage, and on January 21 of the same year (1872) we were engaged.

Instead of the usual Easter driving tour, which my father, and his father before him, used to take in our own country, it was decided that we should go to Italy that spring. My only sister had been

married the previous year, and was now far away in Ceylon.

We explored Florence, Bologna, and other towns in North Italy, then spent Holy Week and Eastertide in the city of the Cæsars, and took part in wonderful services and ceremonials there; or drove from one of Rome's wonderful sights to another, or enjoyed the purer air of the Campagna beyond the walls. Edmund joined us there, and from thence we went on to Naples, where we had a radiant time, enjoying to the full the lovely bay and the Island of Capri. We had strange experiences in the ascent of Vesuvius, our time at the top being curtailed by a slight eruption, which made the ground almost too hot to stand upon, and enabled us to roast eggs in the cracks of the crater. We saw Pompeii, Amalfi, and Sorrento together, and then spent another day or two in Rome before the beloved physician had to hasten back to his work.

But soon after his departure my mother and I were both stricken down with fever, the result of a visit to the underground dungeon where St. Paul was chained. The atmosphere was terrible, and the rainy day made the place worse. But we reached Florence before the fever sent us both to a prolonged bedridden existence in the Hotel de la Grande Brétagne. My father and brother, with the help of our faithful courier and an Italian nurse, watched tenderly over us. Comforts were sent out from England. Dr. Wilson, of Florence, was in daily attendance, till our own beloved doctor came out again and escorted us by easy stages home.

Meanwhile—and it was a long and weary waiting time—I had the comfort of receiving daily letters from him. I read them over and over again then; and they, with the sweet, dead blossoms so lovingly gathered and enclosed, brought sorrow and solace during the months that followed his death, when happy memories came crowding on,

> "Of that glad year which once had been
> In those fall'n leaves, which kept their green,
> The noble letters of the dead."

I seemed "to see the God within him lighting up his face" as he penned them in the heyday of health and youth; and they, though written on frail foreign paper, will long outlive him, leaving great legacies of thought in their train.

From the nature of things, the best and the most sacred words in them must never be seen by any eyes but those of one whose heart while reading them almost forgets to grieve.

> "Deeming that still it hath its treasure here,
> So present doth it seem, so freshly dear."

Here is a short quotation from one of them:

"You must please offer a little prayer sometimes for my patients, as well as I feel you often do, for me."

Referring to the day of our engagement, he wrote on May 11, 1872, from Upper George Street:

"I don't think I should have had the courage on that memorable January 21st to have sought a 'Yes' from those firm lips if darkness had not favoured me. But now that my happiness is sealed, I can look back upon that evening of tremulous fear, ended as it was by a

crown of ceaseless rejoicing, with unalloyed delight, for I know that the noblest thing on earth is mine—the heart of a true woman."

Oh, how many, many memories crowd around me! "and the sweet memory-plants do blossom and bear fruit as the days go on."

To give another quotation from his letters:

"It is uncommonly hard to determine on and make special requests in matters spiritual. I suppose we don't take the trouble successfully to cross-examine ourselves, so as to know where the watch and guard should be most alert and strong. What our loving Father would have us to do is, I think, to ask in faith for what we want with the never absent refrain, 'Thy will be done.' In earthly matters it is surely not hard to decide what we want, and surely, too, it is a help to know that what is best will be given. Nor are we justified in drawing a line between spiritual and temporal in this respect. The two are mutually interwoven in a way we may not see now, but shall better understand some day. Then, as to our not feeling able to pray for long together, I expect it is well for us to pray briefly, though as heartily and earnestly as we can, and if the prayer be real, it will have its answer in a quieting of our whole being. There are times, I am sure—a crisis now and then—when we might follow our Master, and spend hours in communion and adoration. I think a change has been wrought by the active lives we lead now, as compared with those of Apostolic and Middle Age times. St. Paul preached till midnight. *Our* stirring preachers find twenty minutes enough for their audiences!"

Here is a bit of a letter written from the house of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Robert Cholmeley, of Findon Rectory, on the Sussex Downs:

"At church to-day I longed for you. Robert gave one of his most eloquent sermons. His text was a curious one: 'Then went in also that other disciple,' the subject being 'Unconscious Influence.' Dr. Cholmeley is one of those natures that object to those who approach people with a manifest effort to 'do them good.' He does not think this sort of intentional effort can be compared in its effects with the unintentional influence which the character and conduct of a person has on those around. What we *are* is far more important than what we say. Thanks for your lovely sketch of Sorrento. I showed it to Dr. Strange, and he knew his favourite place at once, and pointed out the road, the convent, his house, and the church. . . . This forget-me-not (enclosed) is from Robert and Constance."

At this time Dr. Symes-Thompson was making rapid strides in professional work, and was fulfilling those arduous duties of medical societies' secretaryships, etc., where the gifts of quick thought, intuition, and study on many subjects, combined with his ready pen, were gaining golden opinions among the members of his profession. He was already enjoying a large private practice, and had many consultations in town and country.

That he was regarded as a fluent public speaker the following letter, written from Upper George Street in March, 1872, during our travels, proves:

"A command has just come that I am to propose 'The President' at the ninety-ninth Anniversary Festival Dinner of the Medical Society of London. He (Dr.

Andrew Clark) is a man of remarkable qualities in rare combinations, and I see much of him."

In a later letter he continued:

"I made my speech at the head of the high table, with one of the huge candelabra blocking my view, and tried to make the dimly-seen guests at the far end of the table hear. I was applauded very heartily. The President thanked me in the warmest way, and my neighbour, the President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, congratulated me on my speech. I was afterwards called upon to make another speech, and return thanks for the Vice-Presidents. Dr. William Cholmeley supported me on the other side."

One of the many distressed letters to Florence implored us to let him come out again:

"Your Uncle Charles dined with me. I was so glad to see him, as he had so recently seen you. He tells me how you caught this dreadful fever. . . . I shall hold myself in readiness for a start at any moment. Do wire and allow me to come! Henry says you would have let me fly back to Italy, but for the fear that another absence might injure my practice. Some of my letters, in which I prayed for a telegraphic summons, *must* have come to hand."

From another letter:

"As I go about, I retire for a few minutes—to-day into All Saints', Margaret Street, yesterday into the Catholic Apostolic Church in Gordon Square—to send a prayer to our loving Father, that He will look down in mercy upon you, and bring you home safe and well. I trust and believe He will."

On May 11 he wrote, referring to the words we read together during this time of separation:

"The special thought in our reading to-day is that the Spirit of Truth may fill us more and more. Pray for me, my darling, and help me to be absolutely truthful in little things as well as great ones. We must strive after perfection and after truth, though we cannot know the truth fully till we are in that world from which we shall go out no more."

And on May 14:

"Doubtless we are prone to charge our failures (St. James i. 13-16) on our circumstances, or anything rather than ourselves."

There were several letters entering eagerly into the pros and cons of a possible move (on our marriage) to a house among others, then vacant in Clarges Street. But the final decision we came to was embodied in a letter from him:

"So let us begin our married life in dear comfortable Upper George Street. I think you will like to be near the Park, and then, if God blesses me as He is doing now, we may in five or ten years' time remove into a better house than any we could now venture on. Perhaps we might even aspire to Cavendish Square!"

This prophecy came true when we had been married nearly six years.

The longed-for summons to Florence at length came, and we had the comfort of his opinion on many subjects, and especially as to the date of the return journey. Moreover, we had the joy and

privilege of his companionship and watchful care while travelling home together.

This was at the end of May. On St. James's Day, July 25, of the same year, 1872, we were married at Potters Bar Church, and afterwards sat down to a wedding-breakfast with the inevitable speeches of those days of long ago. We then started for our honeymoon in Scotland.

This was the first day of a married life of thirty-four years, begun, continued, and ended "in perfect love and peace together."

To quote from Dr. Theodore Williams, who saw Dr. Symes-Thompson the day before his death:

"We met for the first time about 1865, and we were colleagues at the Brompton Hospital since 1867—nearly forty years. During this period we were frequently associated on committees and societies, and during the last ten years of his active connexion with the hospital our attendance days were the same; so twice a week, for that period, I enjoyed his presence and sunny smile.

"He was a most comforting, kind colleague, who always looked at the bright side of things, and set us a good example of hope and activity. He had a great power of working quickly and pleasantly, and this made him acceptable on committees. Another excellent gift was that of clear exposition of often difficult subjects, and his distinct articulation assisted him greatly.

"He also possessed the faculty of examining patients very rapidly, which suited the requirements of out-patients' work, and afterwards made him a first-class examiner of Insurance lives.

"With all his accomplishments, he was one of the most unselfish and generous men I have ever met, and

the medical profession, the public, and his wide circle of friends are much poorer by his loss. I mourn the friend of many years, whose encouragement never failed me."

What appeared to me, his wife, in those early days of close communion, the most wonderful thing about him, was that, in the midst of his very practical daily activities, he was full of imagination.

Everything he saw in Nature seemed to have its spiritual side. His mind delighted to familiarize itself with the grand subjects which are beyond human comprehensions, but which can be apprehended in a measure by such natures as his.

Many people have these beautiful thoughts, and express them in noble poetry and prose writing. Few there are who, like him, not only think the thought, but strive to express it, and to let others share it. He led our talks away from commonplace topics into the green pastures of his latest studies, and the effort to explain them to others made them clear to himself. He said: "Most people seem so utterly 'mundane' till you get through the earthly crust which covers up the hidden fires within!" Yet his own "emotional" department was carefully guarded from view.

The stars seemed to help him to get above the atmosphere of earth. I think it was joyousness rather than a highly-strung nervous temperament which made him soar so high. It is impossible to remember actual words, but they were somewhat of the type of the writer who thus describes his feelings when gazing at that palace of splendour, the star-lit

sky: "Is it a dream, these worlds crowding the sky with more and more glories? Will they pass away from thought, leave no trace, as the baseless fabric of a vision? No! All have their use in the vast design, and carry to the invisible universe memorials of great transactions. Every star is a footprint of God. We look upon them from our dwelling as links of light burning in the sky to join past, present, and future into that vast consciousness by which intelligent creatures discern the course of Time.

"We remember how many hearts throb in the little star of earth; how numberless are the greater stars; until, translated in spirit by the wonderful view, our souls, full of grateful memories, approach the Eternal."

"Lift up thy head,
This lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a word Divine, a happy song—
Thy Father loves thee."

Or, to quote the words of N. P. Willis:

"Oh! to have
Attentive and believing faculties!
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well-created things;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds,
Living their life of music; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thought beneath the whispering tree
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!"

CHAPTER III

1872-1897

"O Spirit! that dost prefer,
Before all things, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me."

MILTON.

"God works by means, and the chief means is Man."

BOSSUET.

"My beloved old schoolfellow! I have known him for over fifty years, and in our school-days we were great intimates. I have always found him the same kindly, gentle, thoughtful soul that he was when a boy, and I know what he was as an example of the true Christian and Churchman to the profession of which he was so bright an ornament."

W. J. LAWRANCE, Dean of St. Albans.
November, 1906.

CHAPTER III

1872-1897

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now!
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now, for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue;
'Tis the natural way of living."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"Love grows fresher every day,
Love alone is strength."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

OUR marriage-day was one of the hottest of a very hot summer, so the cool sunshine and shade of Scotland were a pleasant and invigorating change, and the country itself a contrast to those more distant lands where we had both of late years spent our autumn holidays.

Our most distant point was Struey, an exquisite, secluded little place north of Inverness, which I had a few years before "marked down" as an ideal spot for a honeymoon.

We paid a short visit on our way home to one of the bridegroom's dearest friends, Dr. William Murray,

of Swinburne Castle, Northumberland, and a few years later visited them again when the British Association met at Newcastle. But the chief event of a honeymoon is its latest day, when the "home, sweet home," is entered for the first time after marriage.

Maurice Maeterlinck well said: "He is the happiest man who best understands his happiness." In the midst of the busiest days Edmund always found moments when his heart, "at leisure from itself," was able to be as happy and joyous as a bird, so the early years of married life were never lonely or dull, but full of constant employment and enjoyment.

After a somewhat quiet country life, the charm of making so many new acquaintances full of vivid intellectual interests, of hearing exquisite music, and joining choral and drawing societies, was very thrilling. We made the most of the many occasions when we drove together to the hospital or otherwhere; and Edmund was always fresh in the evenings, ready to give or receive hospitalities, and to put in an appearance (generally for a remarkably short time!) at various functions.

We also paid many week-end visits to a dear uncle and aunt, Alfred and Emma Bousfield, at Looseley House; also to my aunt, Mrs. Huleatt, and her husband, an eminent army chaplain; and when they visited us he used to conduct family prayers, giving a short and forcible little "straight talk," and helping us onward by his holy zeal. We saw much also of my only sister and her husband, then Captain

Grubb, R.A., and exchanged constant visits with my parents and his relatives.

Our eldest son, now in his father's profession, was born June 22, 1873.

In 1878 we moved to 33, Cavendish Square, with our three little sons, who enjoyed the Square garden and our own little garden at the back of the house. Two mulberry-trees yielded fruit every year, and there was a big fountain in the middle, and a mass of virginia creeper grew on the garden walls. The children filled the antechamber leading into the stables with white Himalayan rabbits, and, like their father, made their own cutters and schooners, and various useful pieces of furniture, in their work-shop above.

In the autumn we generally travelled on the Continent, taking the elder children with us when they were old enough to appreciate the beauties of nature and art, and to gain the culture thus brought about; while their faithful nurse, Neal, still with us after thirty years' loving service, took the little ones to some English watering-place.

Later still, when our boys had learned to love country life and country sports, we used to take a place suited for cricket, riding, shooting, or fishing. Perhaps our pleasantest memories are of Catsfield, near Battle; of the Isle of Wight; of Ty Ucha, near Abergele; and of Murraythwaite, near Ecclefechan.

When the Potters Bar Cottage Hospital was founded Dr. Symes-Thompson consented to become one of the consulting staff, and retained the position to the last. Its secretary wrote:

"During that long time, we always felt we had at our disposal the scientific knowledge and experience of one who had no superior in the profession. This, combined with so real an interest in all that concerned Potters Bar, has made ours a loss impossible to make good."

His interest in the parish work of his father-in-law, the Rev. Henry George Watkins, was extended to all village interests, and to the infant school built by him and by my mother, Sarah Lea Watkins (*née* Bousfield). The Vicarage, too, had its family association, having been largely contributed to by my grandfather, also Henry George Watkins, Rector of St. Swithin's, London Stone, one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society and a zealous leader in the great Evangelical movement in the Church. He and his only son were both large contributors to church-building, and to the endowment of new bishoprics at home and abroad. They were also Governors of Christ's Hospital, and often stewards and supporters (as Dr. Symes-Thompson also was) at Festivals of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, whose funds are so ably administered by Sir Paget Bowman. I think it was in 1879 that we made the first of our four winter visits to Switzerland.

After much thought concerning the blessing of fresh mountain-air for the sick in winter as well as in summer, and having, in common with other physicians, made the discovery that some patients in an early stage of phthisis came back in an enervated rather than a braced state of health from the Riviera, my husband determined to make a

personal trial of St. Moritz and Davos as health-resorts. He wanted to judge as to the comfort of the hotels, the reliability of the climate, the hours of sunshine, and the amount of risk to be endured in winter on the journey out.

Dr. Holland at St. Moritz and Dr. Ruedi at Davos were doing splendid work. Patients seemed happy, ruddy, and able to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Several English people had taken up their abode at Davos—notably John Addington Symonds. Skating and tobogganing were allowed and encouraged, and the healthy relations who came as companions to invalids soon realized that their health, too, attained a higher level, and that the best winter holiday is a holiday in the High Alps.

Nearly thirty years after our first visit the following appeared, on December 8, 1906, in the *Alpine Post and Engadine Gazette*. Doubtless it was written by Dr. Holland:

"Edmund Symes-Thompson, M.D., F.R.C.P.

"It is with sincere regret that we have to record the death of an old and valued friend, and one who, when St. Moritz was in its infancy as a winter station, extended to it a liberal and very valuable help. Indeed, we may say, that up to the time of his death, he recommended the Engadine to those patients for whom he deemed it suitable, and nobody was so persistently enthusiastic on the subject of Alpine climate as Dr. Symes-Thompson. Nearly a quarter of a century ago he paid St. Moritz a visit with his family, and he was as much struck by the resources of the place as a health-resort as by its great beauty.

"When he returned to England his pen gave vent to his newly acquired knowledge and experiences in a pamphlet on 'Winter Health Resorts of the Alps,' which, even at this distance of time, is one of the most reliable guides on the subject. He was a great authority on diseases of the chest and on all matters pertaining to climate, for he seemed to make a rule of recommending only those stations with which he was personally acquainted.

"With the sanatorium craze there came a great change in St. Moritz and its people, and no one regretted more this 'senseless apprehension,' as he used to term it, than the subject of this article. Again and again has the writer accompanied Dr. Symes-Thompson around the wards of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, of which he was for nine years Senior Physician, and heard him exclaim: 'Here you see cases in every stage of the disease; and how is it, if consumption were communicable by the breath, that the staff, nurses, porters, and other servants, who are brought into the closest relations with the patients, do not suffer to any greater extent than in other hospitals of the same size?'

"It is true that he was always averse to recommending those patients who were far advanced in disease to the Engadine; they were, in his view, more suitable for such places as Leysin and the Southern climes. But the vigorous patient with a sound heart, good muscle, and capable of a moderate degree of exercise, would certainly reap more advantage by a winter's sojourn in St. Moritz than anywhere else. He used to say that he hoped the period would never arrive when this class of patient could no longer find a welcome in the Engadine.

"He was a most gentle, kind-hearted creature, was Symes-Thompson, with a big sympathetic heart for the suffering poor; and he always took the keenest interest



THE INVALIDS' HOME AT DAVOS.



in our local charity, the St. Moritz Aid Fund, to which from its initiation he gratuitously gave his professional services. We owe him much! He was one of the winter pioneers of this place. Those who enjoy the climate, the air, the outdoor sports, and many other attractions of the Engadine, in these days, can hardly realize that only a generation ago it was almost impossible to persuade the public to give the High Alps a trial, either for health or amusement.

"Now, the experience of others has cleared away all prejudices; nobody questions the value and attractions in winter of the beautiful Valley of the Inn. The knowledge is common property.

"The example of St. Moritz is now being imitated by every Alpine hamlet that can boast of assured frost and snow and sunshine.

"'Most can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed.'

"But it was men like Edmund Symes-Thompson who were the sowers."

He was keenly in earnest in establishing the Frimley Convalescent Home in connexion with Brompton, and the King's Sanatorium near Midhurst.

The Invalids' home at Davos was one of the works of mercy for which he laboured. It is still full of patients suffering from pulmonary disease who cannot afford hotel accommodation and medical fees. It will be no longer required when the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, whose foundation-stone was laid in August, 1907, is ready for occupation. So rapidly has the work progressed, owing to the energy of the committee and of the hon. secretaries, Dr. Ewart and Mr. Vesey, that

when, in November, the builders stopped work for the winter, it looked grand and impressive, with five stories erected. The building fund began with a *matinée* in London, which realized £2,000; then friends in Davos and in England gave and collected money, and a dinner at Claridge's added another £3,000 to the fund, so that it was possible to buy land and to begin the building. We still plead for further help in so good a cause —£12,000 more is needed. A photograph of the beautiful valley, showing the position of the sanatorium in August, 1907, when building operations had but lately begun, is here introduced.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T., our chairman, to whose magnificent personal efforts we owe a large part of the money hitherto contributed, writes as follows:

"Dr. Symes-Thompson took an active interest in the building of the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium at Davos. He was long associated with the Home founded and opened in 1881 by Mrs. Lord, and was one of the pioneers of the movement for the erection of a new building still more worthy of British philanthropy. The signatories of the first appeal, made through the columns of the *Times*, in connexion with that object, were Hermann Weber, E. Symes-Thompson, C. Theodore Williams, and William Ewart. These distinguished physicians strongly urged that while so much was being done in England for the relief of consumption by sanatorium treatment, 'we should not lose sight of the large class of sufferers who need, in addition, the clearer atmosphere and sunshine of the Alpine altitudes.'

"On the Council to the end of his life, Dr. Symes-



LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF
THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA SANATORIUM, DAVOS, 1907.

Thompson was distinguished alike for the regularity of his attendance, for the care with which he studied every question that came up for discussion, and for the clear and concise manner in which he gave his opinion. His colleagues knew well the value of his services in their cause, and after his death placed on record that 'in him they had lost a valued friend and colleague, who had been closely connected with the work of the Davos Invalids' Home, and with the establishment of the Building Fund of the Sanatorium.'"

Year by year Edmund's days became fuller of professional and philanthropic engagements, and his great love, not of "gaiety," but of "seeing his friends," caused us to go a good deal into society, and to be willing to lend our rooms for meetings in aid of various charities and societies; and we often allowed musicians and singers to hold their benefit concerts at Cavendish Square.

He was interested in all that his wife cared about, and encouraged her work in the Girls' Friendly Society, at her mothers' meeting, and her occasional evening outings to the slums or suburbs, to speak for the C.E.T.S., often giving up or shortening his use of the carriage, that she might have it for these tiring expeditions.

He never neglected regular attendance at church and at early Communion. He used to say: "Many write their letters on Sunday morning instead of going to church; but do let us keep the day holy, and let nothing but urgent professional calls interfere with our regular engagement to go to the house of God together." He was deeply interested in the

lay movement, inaugurated by his friend Mr. Thomas Kingscote, in favour of Sunday worship and rest. He was no less resolute and regular in his practice of holding family prayers in the morning and also every evening at ten o'clock, unless we were spending the evening elsewhere.

He delivered the annual oration before the Medical Society of London in 1882, thus closing a session marked by the International Medical Congress in London. He had then been twenty-five years a Fellow of the Society,* and delighted his audience by giving a description of its founders, as shown in the picture by Medley, hanging on the walls in Chandos Street. He pointed out how, in those dark ages a century ago, they stamped their individuality on the world, and reminded his audience how Virchow and Charcot, Volkmann and Billings, had a few weeks before sat beneath the picture during the Congress. He said:

"When we look at Lettsom and such as he, we shall ask ourselves whether if, living then, we should have been generators of light as they were; and thus be stimulated to be light-bearers too."

He described how John Lettsom, after studying at "Bart's" for a year, went back to the West Indies to emancipate his father's slaves, and practised medicine there with such success that, though only twenty-three years of age, he made £2,000 in five months; then, after studying at Paris, Aix-la-

* His father had been the orator in 1838.

Chapelle, and Leyden, how he returned to London, and became a Member of the Royal College of Physicians; and how, at the age of twenty-nine, with the others shown in the picture, he founded this great Society. With Dr. Sims, who was President of the Medical Society for twenty-two years from 1786, he also founded the Royal Humane Society. The words of Lettsom's somewhat jocular and well-known distich were quoted:

"When patients come to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Then if they choose to die—
What's that to I?—I let's 'em!"
I. LETTSOM.

That honoured name is remembered when the Lettsomian Lectures are delivered annually. Another founder, Dr. William Saunders, was first President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society in 1805. Behind him in the picture are Charles Combe, believed to have been the last physician in London to carry a muff, who died in 1804, and William Babington, whose statue is in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Dr. Symes-Thompson tells of other worthies. Dr. Radcliffe, Physician to William III. and Queen Anne, who founded the Radcliffe Library, Observatory, and Infirmary, at Oxford. The now celebrated gold-headed cane which accompanied him to all consultations, was carried successively by Drs. Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Matthew Baillie, whose arms are engraved on the head of the cane. Dr. Radcliffe's garden adjoined that of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the King's chief painter, in Covent Garden, and the two

friends decided to have a door made for a free intercourse with both gardens. This intercourse (between the servants of both) became too free! Sir Godfrey politely requested Dr. Radcliffe to permit him to brick up the opening.

"To this the doctor, who was often in a choleric temper, returned answer, 'that Sir Godfrey might do even what he pleased with the door, so that he did not paint it.' 'Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?' cried the celebrated artist to the messenger. 'Go you back to him, and, after presenting my service to him, tell him that I can take anything from him but physic!"*

There is a fine portrait of Dr. Radcliffe, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the library of the Royal College of Physicians.

Dr. Mead was then described. He was an accomplished scholar, who afforded encouragement to the fine arts, literature, and the knowledge of antiquity. He moved from Austin Friars to his friend's house in Bloomsbury Square. It was said of Mead that, of all physicians, he gained the most, spent the most, and enjoyed the highest fame during his lifetime. His greatest contribution to the world was that he was the first to promote the practice of inoculation for smallpox. He was created a Baronet by George I., being the first physician on whom an hereditary title of honour had been conferred.

* This story is told in "The Gold-headed Cane," by William Munk, M.D., F.S.A., F.R.C.P., Librarian to the New College of Physicians, 1828, to the building of which Dr. Radcliffe contributed £2,000.

Dr. Matthew Baillie, whose mother was the sister of the great John Hunter, was a celebrated anatomist and physiologist. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, about 1780. He died in 1825. Dr. Symes-Thompson alludes to him as follows:

"He was the last physician who possessed 'the gold-headed cane,' a walking-stick in which I take a special interest, as it resided, when in the possession of Dr. Matthew Baillie, for many years in my present house in Cavendish Square, by whom it was left to the Royal College of Physicians in 1825, where it can now be seen."

All those shown in the picture are touched upon, and we are told that the portrait of Edward Jenner was added when he made his great discovery; also the well-known Sir Astley Cooper, F.R.S., the second President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, is described in glowing terms.

Times have changed in many ways since then. The great book of the universe has been studied more accurately. Science and reason, thought and memory, have awakened much intellectual initiative. And though still, in the words of Sainte-Beuve, "Nous ne sommes, qu'au commencement," the old foundations have been strengthened, the powers of Nature have been developed, and new harvests have been reaped both in surgery and medicine.

Not the least of these have been the results of the careful teaching of hygiene, and the improved sanitation and comfort of the hospitals. So that a Court physician was able to reply to the august

visitor who summoned him to the bedside of our great Queen: "Her Majesty shall be treated as well as the most humble of her subjects."

We had a great sorrow in 1885, in the loss of my mother at the age of sixty-five, after which time my father, in his lonely life, was much cheered by frequent visits to and from his three married children and their families.

In August, 1889, at the age of eighty-one, my father took the last of his annual tours on the Continent, accompanied by us and our two eldest boys—Harry, aged sixteen, then at Winchester, and Frank, aged fourteen, at Harrow. He thoroughly enjoyed this annual holiday, and was quite free from personal anxiety, having the faithful services of his courier, Nesensohn, who had been employed by him in that capacity every autumn for eighteen years. How he enjoyed the companionship and explanations of his beloved son-in-law, Edmund, day by day during a visit to the Paris Exhibition! He used to say: "Edmund, you are a walking encyclopædia! There's not a subject in heaven, or earth, or under the earth, that you can't throw light on!"

Afterwards, in Switzerland, he went about in a *chaise-à-porteurs*, as far as he could possibly be carried, though he never allowed us to curtail our excursions on his account.

Once on the ice, how the boys revelled in their new experiences of glacier and rock climbing under the care of excellent guides, and in the society of their father, who was always a great Alpine climber,

and who made more than one first ascent in his early days.

The year we are now speaking of was full of excursions suited for the younger members of the party, such as from Chamounix to the Grands Mulets; to the Jardin; over the Col de Balme; on to Arolla and Evolène; and to the Eggischhorn, from which we had a splendid climb over numberless crevasses up to the Concordia Hut, which took us a great way up the Jungfrau. We returned via Andermatt, over the St. Gotthard to Milan, and so home.

Little did we then think that the dear old servant of God would be taken from us on November 3 the same year, after only twenty minutes' illness. It was the anniversary of his fifty-third year of active ministry at Potters Bar. He was on that very Sunday morning about to tell his dear people that he was going to bid farewell to his work there and retire to private life. I believe that the thought of leaving his people and his home, broke his dear, tender heart.

Dr. Symes-Thompson's working hours were filled with preparations for lectures, and for papers read before congresses and medical societies, council and committee meetings, morning patients at home, and correspondence and consultations. He often said: "What should I do if I were compelled by law to work only eight hours in the day?"

The hardest week he ever had was one, when, in addition to many professional engagements in town, he was summoned three times in eight days, to see the late Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick

Castle, during the last week of her life. He accomplished this without feeling excessive fatigue.

He was a man of action as well as a man of thought. A word in one of our most modern novels would remind his friends of him:

"He's Life itself! Good God! what a thing it is for a man or woman to be Life—instead of a mass of Tissue and Muscle and Nerve, dragged about by the mere mechanism of living!"

His one idea, when he saw anything wrong in the world at large or in his own home, was to concentrate his thoughts on an effective way of putting it right, and then he wasted no time, but did it. He acted upon the homely couplet:

"If there's a remedy, try to find it;
If there's *none*, never mind it!"

Or the Latin saying: "In necessariis Unitas, in non necessariis Libertas; in omnibus Caritas."

Grumbling, too, he regarded as an effort unproductive of good, and more likely to be harmful to the cause you have in hand; and he liked the motto, "Grumblers never work, and workers never grumble!" But he occasionally fell to grumbling, or, rather, to rebuke, especially when he smelt the smell of an onion or that of a carelessly-blown-out candle. Generous about everything else, he could not bear to see people wasting string or matches. Fire-guards were an abomination to him, and he never saw one blocking out the warmth of a fire, without unhooking and removing it. And he was really unhappy when flowers, for which he had an intense

personal affection, were neglected. Here is a merry note, written in August, 1877, about some gifts of flowers:

"You may have seen beautiful flowers, but such as I have now before me, never! Epacris! Stephanotis!! Eucharis!!! Hoya!! to say nothing of tropical ferns—Maidenhair AND ROSES!!! Two bouquets I have given away; there will still be plenty left for ourselves."

He was also a great admirer and critic of beautiful and well-cut clothes, and of loveliness in every form. The following short conversation from one of E. F. Benson's novels reminds me of his optimism:

"'I know what I like,' remarked he roundly.
"'And what is that?' she said.
"'Oh, almost everything!' he said.
"'I sincerely congratulate you,' said she. 'There is no gift so enviable as that of liking.'"

He illustrated his own motto, *Lux in Luce*, and the Watkins motto, *Carpe Diem*, and prayed the prayer of the Grocers' Company, of which he was long a member, "God grant grace."

He constantly said, when he heard people groaning under supposed injustice, "We get so much more praise than we deserve that we ought cheerfully to endure blame that we don't deserve." And after talking to a "narrow-minded bigot," the couplet which seemed to apply best was:

"The search for truth is not one half so pleasant
As sticking to the views we hold at present."

When anyone said, "I have done my best," he used to exclaim, "Never say those words; nobody ever did his best." He was the finest example of forceful power and initiative, combined with humility, that I have ever seen.

"Evolution and Heredity" formed the subject of an article by him which appeared, with an excellent portrait of him, in the *Humanitarian* for May, 1895. A few quotations from the beginning and end of it may here be given:

"The subject is a vast one. Heredity, or the inheritance of acquired characteristics, is one of the laws of Evolution. Heredity and Evolution are inseparable and interdependent; they act together. Evolution without Heredity would make every modification of form and character transient; while Heredity without Evolution would lead to Monotony. The two forces secure continuity and variation.

"The doctrine of Evolution is the most sublime conception of our era. Darwin has been well named 'the Newton of Natural History.' It is our privilege to have lived with Darwin. Sir Thomas Gresham, the noble founder of Gresham College, lived with Copernicus and Galileo, and realizing, as he did, the truth and the value of Astronomical science, he founded the Chair of Astronomy, now so ably filled by Professor Ledger. Galileo was compelled by the authority of the Church to withdraw his assertion that the sun, and not the earth, was the centre of our system; and many of us can remember the violent opposition that was raised when Darwin ventured to enunciate his great discovery, the doctrine of Evolution. Evolution is one of those grand generalizations which deserve to be placed by the side of gravitation.

"Isaac Newton showed, not only that an apple falls to the ground by the force of gravitation, but that the same attractive force holds the sun, the moon, and the planets in their course. This law was afterwards found by Herschel to hold good for all the stars. As the centrifugal force due to the rapid rotation of the heavenly bodies is controlled by the centripetal force of gravitation, so Evolution is kept under control by the restraining influence of the law of hereditary transmission. Sir George Grove, also our contemporary, has discovered another great law of Nature—the mutual correlation and convertibility of force—and has pointed out the great results that follow from the controlling action of opposing forces. The discovery of these truths has profoundly increased our interest in Nature, and enabled us to appreciate, in a measure, the mode of God's operation in Nature.

"The telescope, which has brought within our reach myriads of worlds whose very existence we could not otherwise surmise, has also enabled us to fathom the nature and the causes of their movements; and though we cannot see the medium through which gravitation acts, we are able to reason about it, and to account for the movements of the heavenly bodies. The spectroscope, again, has enabled us, as it were, to put them in the crucible, and to define the composition of the invisible stars. We are thus enabled to come within touch of radiant suns whose distance is well-nigh immeasurable, and to discern that far greater influence is exerted on our atmosphere by the stars that are invisible to the unaided eye than by those we can see. . . . Of the light, heat, and chemical force that emanate from our sun, but an infinitesimal part finds its way to the planets and comets that form its solar system; 2,200,000,000 times as much force is (as far as we now know) wasted in space! Can

we believe that it is really wasted? Is it not more consonant with our ideas of creative wisdom and versatility to assume, with Lord Kelvin, that these 'wasted rays' are used in causing the formation of 'vortex rings' in the circumambient ether, which rings, formed by motion, compose the atoms out of which all material bodies are built up? Enlightened chemistry tells us of a grouping of atoms, according to fixed laws. . . .

"We learn that the law of Evolution extends to the heavenly bodies, for we see them in various stages of growth and development. First the nebula, next the globe in a state of gaseous ignition, then gradual consolidation—white heat passing into red heat—and as the body is cooled down it attains, first, the condition in which our sun is now, and then that of our earth. Here Geology comes in to confirm the same tale; we learn that the igneous rocks became gradually cooler, and the boiling rain left its indented impress on the mud, since hardened, and now used as flagstones in our streets. Thus we are enabled to sketch the life-history of the universe, and archæology is continually bringing new evidence before us."

And so, in the article the professor worked up his subject through illustrations of plants and animals, to man. He showed that while man is the summit of creation, the inorganic form had to pass from polyp to Primitive Man; from man as savage to man as intellectual, moral, and spiritual; and he added:

"We waited till the twentieth century before we knew that all material things were made up of immaterial ones, and that 'Forces' rather than 'Atoms' are the ultimate entities of Being."

And near the end of the paper he showed that God in His infinite evolutional power "exalted the Finite to partake the glory of the Infinite," and concluded:

"The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation shews the moral purpose of creation in its successive developments. The Son of God entering man's nature lifts it from the finite, thus accomplishing the Divine intention to renew and reconstruct the world."

The following appreciation of Dr. Symes-Thompson has been sent by one of his patients — "W. F. H.":

"I had fallen in the battle of life. The strain and the stress of pursuing my beloved work in spite of much private sorrow had been too great, and I was seriously ill. I did not know what it meant, and fought against it until a near relative said: 'You are far more ill than you know; in fact, you will never be the same again. What doctor do you know?' None professionally; but there was *one* who at my request had kindly come to lecture to the society in which I was interested, and I asked Dr. Symes-Thompson to come to me. In apprehension I waited his appearance, for I knew nothing of doctors. Shall I ever forget the rest that came with his first visit? How he sat and talked so charmingly, and then walked round the room to see how he could make it more cheerful, moving the wardrobe himself so that I could see the reflection of the fire in the glass. Knowing nothing of the enormity I was committing in asking a great consulting physician to take sole charge of my case, I made the request to him, and for twenty-three years he was my doctor. One morning during that first illness I woke

feeling that I had had a wicked dream, and I was horrified that such a thing could come to me, when the doctor entered. At once he said: 'You have had a bad dream.' What a relief it was! And his unfailing, sympathetic care never ceased. I did not see him very often, as I felt his life was so full that the more his friends could relieve him the better; but when I went to him, the warm, friendly welcome, the unique hand-clasp, the interesting conversation, seemed to put to flight my misfortunes. I forgot them, and often said to him: 'The very sight of you does more good than medicine, and I do not remember all I came to tell you.' He showed me that I must go forward with my work, not minding the things that hurt, but thinking only of the objects I had in view. For a year I did not see him; but should I have stayed away so long had I dreamt that at the end of it the Master's home-call would have come for him, and that for me henceforth there would be an intensified silence in life and a greater looking forward to 'that which is to come'?"

In "Medical Musings Grave and Gay," by an anonymous medical writer, published in 1907, appears the following paragraph:

"Dr. Symes-Thompson, whose death we have had so recently to deplore, was another generous consultant. Many a young man has had to thank him, not only for gratuitous medical advice, but also for actual material assistance. No kinder-hearted or more painstaking physician ever lived."

Miss L. Jones Bateman wrote thus of Dr. Symes-Thompson and his home life, having been a frequent visitor in Cavendish Square:

"As one who had the great privilege of knowing him intimately in his private life, the writer of this would fain give a few impressions of characteristics which cannot be well known to those acquainted with him only in his public life or as a physician. His great interest in all the concerns, however trifling, of those with whom he lived, his total unselfishness in matters great or small, the unobtrusiveness of his own likes or dislikes, his generosity of mind and action, his affectionate, gentle raillery to those he cared about—all made his personality as remarkable as it was lovable.

"He could never have snubbed anyone, though his own opinions were definite on many subjects; and however busy and occupied, he was never in a hurry. Never once did the writer see him 'put out,' or hear him speak evil of anyone. Yet withal he was essentially human. Probably because of his great gifts of 'calm strength' and 'reposeful energy' did his mind and spirit impress themselves on all with whom he came in contact. As Donatello, in his celebrated statue of St. George, has represented young manhood in its purest type, with shield and armour, and hand on sword ready, yet loth, to draw; so did Dr. Symes-Thompson stand forth, with his lithe figure and springy step—yet when still, with an air of repose and a steadfast glance that missed nothing—as an instance of all that can be attained by manhood in its fullest prime. As elderly, one could not even think of him.

"'He was a man. Take him for all in all—
We shall not look upon his like again.'"

And this family life of his was so closely entwined with that of his children, and his fatherly pride and interest in them and all that concerned them, that I may be allowed to add a brief record of their lives up to 1907, at the end of this chapter.

The twenty-fifth of July, 1897, was our silver wedding-day, when relations and friends from various parts of England gathered round us. After a quiet Early Celebration together with our children, we took a large party of fifty in a launch up the river, and gave a dinner-party to about the same number at Cavendish Square in the evening. Never since the same date in 1872 had so many loved ones met together.

Miss Sarah Doudney sent us the following poem as a "Silver Wedding Greeting":

TO EDMUND AND LILLA SYMES-THOMPSON, JULY 25, 1897.

Bright be the day, with all your children round you,
Bright in the dawning, peaceful in the close;
Love, strong and pure and beautiful, has crowned you,
Just as of old, with myrtle wreaths and rose.

And even Time, the pitiless old reaper,
Has left the best, that blooms upon the way;
Is not the glow of autumn blossoms deeper
Than the first flowers that decked the bridal day?

If some old paths are lonely and forsaken,
If some old hopes have never been fulfilled,
The Father in His tenderness has taken
Account of those good things you thought and willed.

Much has been done; your true life, lived together,
Has sweetened other lives less richly blest
And we, who love you, pray that sunny weather
May shine upon the road that leads to rest.

FAMILY OF DR. SYMES-THOMPSON.

DR. HENRY EDMUND SYMES-THOMPSON was born on June 22, 1873. He was educated at Mr. Parry's at Stoke Pogis, and at Winchester, where he became Senior Prefect of his house (Mr. Turner's), and Captain of the House Cricket Eleven. He was in Houses' "six" at football in 1890. At Christ's College, Cambridge, he played much cricket, and his father was delighted when in the Seniors' Match he scored 145 runs. He played several times for the University. He took Honours in the Natural Science Tripos in 1894; entered St. George's Hospital in 1895; took his M.A. in 1898; M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in 1900; M.D. in 1903; and M.R.C.P., London, in 1903. He was appointed Assistant Physician to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City Road, 1904, and Physician to the Great Northern Central Hospital, 1905. He is Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, the Medical Society of London, the British Balneological and Climatological Society, and Member of the North London Medical and Chirurgical Society. He was sometime House Physician and Assistant Curator of the Museum of St. George's Hospital; House-Surgeon, House-Physician, and Casualty Officer, Westminster Hospital; House-Physician, Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton; and Clinical Assistant, Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. He has been a contributor to the *Transactions of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society* and to the *British Medical Journal*.

The Rev. Francis Symes-Thompson, M.A., was born on February 2, 1875. He was educated at Elstree, and went on to Harrow to the Head Master's House, Dr. Welldon being always a true friend to him. He reached the sixth form in 1903, with its coveted privilege of "finding," or having, breakfast and tea brought up to his room by his fags. He became a member of the Harrow XI. in 1904, and won the Ebrington Cup for the best catch of the year. He went to Christ Church, Oxford, was a member of the committee of the Christ Church Mission, studied theology at Cuddesdon, and was ordained Deacon and Priest by the Bishop of Oxford. He held curacies at High Wycombe, Sonning, and Ellesborough. Then he worked for a time in Grahamstown Diocese as temporary Rector of Colesberg, where he gained much experience and insight in missionary work and colonial life. He married on April 10, 1907, before returning to England, Brenda, the daughter of Sir Henry Juta, K.C., M.L.A., of Mon Désir, Kenilworth, Cape Town, and in September of the same year accepted the living of Claydon, near Banbury, presented by the Bishop of Oxford.

Arthur Howard Symes-Thompson, born November 6, 1876, was educated at Arthur Cave Wathen's School at Brighton and at Harrow, in Dr. Welldon's House. In December, 1895, he entered the Sussex Artillery (Militia), and in October, 1897, obtained his commission in the Royal Artillery, sailing the following month for Malta. Early in 1899 he went to Crete with a mule battery, and was

then posted to the Royal Field Artillery at Colchester. He served throughout the South African War in the 7th Battery, R.F.A. and the U Battery, R.H.A., being twice mentioned in dispatches, and receiving the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps. In 1905 he was promoted Captain, and in the following year was appointed Adjutant to the 2nd Brigade, R.F.A. He contributed to the *Journal of the Royal Artillery* in 1906.

LILIAN SYMES-THOMPSON, our elder daughter, was born April 7, 1878, about a month after we had moved to 33, Cavendish Square. She was educated by Miss Greener, then at the Francis Holland Church of England School, in Baker Street. After leaving school, she attended a Housewifery College for three months, and gained several certificates. After learning singing from the Countess van den Heuvel, she took the Bronze Medal in 1896, and the Silver Medal of the London Academy of Music in 1899. Countess van den Heuvel dedicated three songs to her, and Sarah Doudney one of her novels. On April 22, 1902, she was married to Ernest Edward Lewis, M.D., of 30, Weymouth Street. At her wedding the Bishop of London, assisted by her brother, the Rev. F. Symes-Thompson, and her uncle, the Rev. A. S. Thompson, officiated. The Bishop gave the address, and her beloved father took the following notes of it:

"Those whom *God* has joined together! God has joined *you* together for life. We are all but His

ministers. The gift of love is His gift, a Divine gift, not limited to time or to this earthly life. My brother, my sister, let it be your care to maintain and cherish this God-sent gift in your relations to each other, so that nothing shall take it from you. In your home-life it will be manifest that yours is a Christian household, in which Christian graces are shown forth. In professional life you will live in the spirit of the Good Physician, and fulfil the work of a ministry . . . doing what in you lies to draw others in the great profession to minister, not only to the body, but to the mind and soul of the patient."

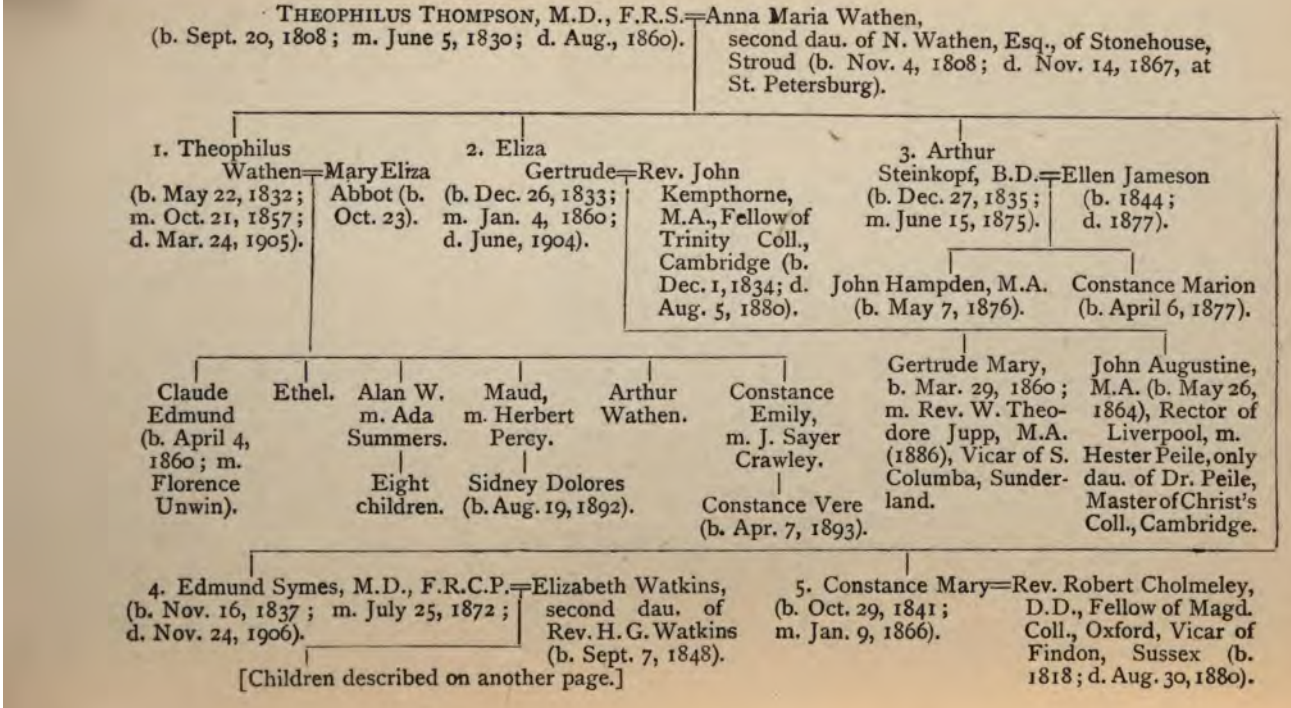
They have two little daughters, Lilian Elizabeth (Betty), born April 2, 1904, and Helen Mary, born June 25, 1905.

CHOLMELEY SYMES-THOMPSON was born April 16, 1881. Educated at Elstree. From thence he went to Harrow to Mr. Bowen's House, where he was on the modern side preparing for the Army. He joined the Grenadier Guards on May 4, 1901, doing better than the whole of the cavalry, and all except three of the infantry candidates, in the Militia competitive examination. He was in the Guard of Honour formed of the King's Company, when the King of Norway made his official visit to England in 1906. He is wicket-keeper to the Household Brigade cricket team. He is in charge of the signallers of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, having on November 20, 1907, taken part in the annual inspection of signallers, in which they gained the first place in the British Army.

MARGARET WATKINS SYMES-THOMPSON, our sixth

child, was born July 15, 1886. She was at the Francis Holland Church of England School in Baker Street for thirteen years. Her father had a great objection to boarding-schools or schools abroad. We thus had the pleasure of a share in the training of both our girls during their school life. She was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on May 29, 1906, to Arthur Page, Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple, a Harrow friend of her brothers. The service was choral, and the Bishop of Stepney performed the rite, assisted by Canon Page-Roberts (now Dean of Salisbury) and her godfather, Canon Holmes. Afterwards, a large gathering of our friends and relations assembled at 33, Cavendish Square. How little did anyone dream that before the year was over, her darling father—that most vigorous, happy spirit, brimming over with life and hospitality—would have joined "the company of heaven"! A little daughter, Victoria Margaret, was born March 15, 1907, and another, Joan Marion, was born May 2, 1908.

FAMILY CHRONOLOGY.



Heraldic Description of Edmund Symes-Thompson's Book-plate.

In the *Ex-Libris Journal* (vol. ii., facing p. 125) there is a beautiful print of the Book-plate executed in 1895 for Dr. E. Symes-Thompson by John Leighton, F.S.A. The arms of Symes, Watkins, and Sydenham are introduced, with accessories indicative of his profession and pursuits. The introduction of the stethoscope is due to the fact that the first of those useful instruments was brought into this country by the father of Dr. E. Symes-Thompson in 1829. Dr. Symes-Thompson received the name of Symes, and inherited property from the Rev. Richard Symes, the last survivor of the Somerset branch of the Sydenhams. A marble tablet in St. James's, Piccadilly, commemorates the distinguished medical writer, Dr. Thomas Sydenham, who died in 1689. It was erected in his honour by the Royal College of Physicians. The Watkins' arms are those of the family of Mrs. Symes-Thompson.

Mr. J. Whitmarsh has furnished the following heraldry descriptive of the plate:

"*Parted per pale, or and sable, two bars embattled between three hawks, belled all counter-changed. Crest: a dexter arm in armour, embowed proper, garnished gold, the hand holding a spear, therefrom suspended a stirrup and straps proper* (Thompson).

"*Or, on a chevron gules, three horse-shoes of the field, on a chief of the second, three fleurs-de-lis of the first* (Watkins) *impaling sable semée of crosses crosslet, a lion rampant argent* (Long).

"*Argent, three rams sable* (Sydenham).

"*Azure, three escallops in pale, or* (Symes)."

CHAPTER IV

GRESHAM COLLEGE
THE EALING COLLEGE FOR TRAINING TEACHERS OF THE DEAF

"Realizing religious feeling in a form not out of keeping with the knowledge of the time, and aiming at the highest possible culture of individuals and of the race, he will think in Essentials, as did Abraham, as did the pious cloistered monk, as did the true puritan, as do now the holy in heart. . . . If men of piety were also men of science, and if men of science were to read the Scriptures, there would be more faith on the earth and more philosophy."—J. W. REYNOLDS: *The Supernatural in Nature.*

"There are truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man, nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER IV

GRESHAM COLLEGE. THE EALING COLLEGE FOR TRAINING TEACHERS OF THE DEAF

I.

GRESHAM COLLEGE.

EDMUND SYMES-THOMPSON was appointed Gresham Professor of Physic in 1866, and delivered his inaugural lecture in 1867. Sir James Paget had written of him:

"Dr. E. Symes-Thompson is well known as an active and well-informed physician, earnest in study and original inquiry, and zealous in teaching—excellent qualifications for a Gresham Professor of Medicine."

And Dr. R. P. Cotton had written:

"I have known my colleague, Dr. E. Symes-Thompson, for many years. He is in every respect an accomplished physician, and is no less well informed in general matters. His lectures would be of a high class, and at the same time thoroughly practical."

We may quote an interesting passage as to the foundation of Gresham College from John Ward's "Lives of Gresham Professors," published in 1740:

"'Ordinances and agreements between the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of London on the first part, the Wardens and Commonalty of the Mistery of the Mercers of the same City of the second part, and the

Lecturers already elected and placed in Gresham House on the third part,' were made January 16, 1597, 'according to the last Will and Testament of Sir Thomas Gresham, late of London, Knight, deceased. The public reading of the said Lectures' was 'to be performed in that manner as may most tend to the glory of God and the common benefit of the people of this City.' Letters were written 'to the Rt. worshipful our verie loving friends, the Vice Chancellor, Maisters, and Schollers of the Universitie of Oxford' and of Cambridge, asking them to nominate 'twoo meet persons, being furnished with best knowledge in everie facultie, with good utterance, and other meete and requisite parts for the publique profession of the said artes.'"

The committee chose three Professors nominated by Oxford, three by Cambridge, and the seventh a graduate of both, on the nomination of Queen Elizabeth. Matthew Gwinne, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, was chosen the first Professor in the Faculty of Physic.

Speaking in 1897, during his thirtieth year of office at Gresham College, Dr. Symes-Thompson made the following remarks:

"Our noble founder, Sir Thomas Gresham, founded this college in 1597, intending it to develop into a University of at least equal dignity and power with the older Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Though this University was frustrated in its full development, the example set by Gresham has been followed in the great cities of the British Islands and of Greater Britain, till now it is hard to count the number that have taken up this long magnetic chain. We have not, indeed, an 'apostolic succession,' but we have a very real succession of great minds and great men, who have gained their

inspiration and their power from these grand centres of learning.

"Gresham established the Royal Exchange as a centre of mercantile life. He was the first to insure ships, and so to establish the principle of assurance, which is now applied with such vast and incalculable benefit to the insurance of lives, of houses, against fire and against accident.

"Before his time impecunious Kings had borrowed money from Antwerp and the Netherlands, whose money-lenders had a keen eye to their own advantage. It occurred to Sir Thomas Gresham that it would be more pleasant and more profitable to borrow from fellow-citizens in London instead of from foreigners. He thus helped to make the City of London what it is to-day —the very centre of the financial and commercial world.

"We want now an Imperial financier like our founder, to handle the great Colonial questions of the day. Public opinion is quickened and ready to support a bold and vigorous policy, such as Gresham would have advocated. We want a British Zollverein within the Empire, where free and unrestricted commerce should prevail, and British produce move untrammelled. We must not drift, but must act with promptness and decision if we are to maintain our supremacy. Is it too much to hope that this tercentenary of a great citizen, this sixtieth prosperous year of a great Queen's reign, may be marked by a consolidation of the British Empire, 350,000,000 of men and women of every race, colour, and creed joining in allegiance to our Empress Queen, and rejoicing in common citizenship in the freest, the greatest, the most glorious Empire the world has ever seen?"

The frequent courses of Gresham Lectures which the Professor gave with scarcely a break for thirty-nine years prevented him from being a prolific writer of books. But the twenty huge boxes, like quarto

volumes, which contain the carefully prepared notes for his 120 distinct courses of Lectures testify to a life of literary industry, which would be impossible in the case of one whose mind worked slowly; and to a power of research, memory, and receptivity, which kept him in the forefront of modern thought.

To give an idea of the wide scope of his discourses, I will here add a list of the subjects treated on. But mere titles are dull things! We who attended the Lectures with such regularity delighted to see thought after thought developed, so that we almost imagined ourselves to be scientific people. All entered into the terse and vigorous phrases, stories, and illustrations given "to point a moral or adorn the tale," and applauded his power of drawing laughter or tears from an intensely sympathetic audience. And the Lectures were always further illustrated by chemical experiments, lantern slides, or newly made diagrams prepared by us for each occasion, and containing the latest data obtainable.

SUBJECTS OF SEPARATE COURSES.

1867. Inaugural Lecture: SIR THOMAS GRESHAM AND HIS AIMS.
GOOD HEALTH. Air. Water. Exercise.
(The Lectures then began at 1 p.m., and were each delivered first in Latin, then in English.)

1868. FOOD. Indigestion. Gout.
SLEEP AND PAIN. Hysteria, etc.
CAUSES OF DISEASE. Diagnosis of Disease.
Educating the Body and Training the Mind.
(Already we see the inconvenient and utterly unsuitable time for the Lectures given up

and the hour changed to 7 o'clock, to give the busy City man an interval for a meal before the Lectures. Later still, the Professor and his audience decided on 6 o'clock as the most suitable hour.)

1869. Four Courses on THE INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION ON HEALTH; TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

1870. COUGHS AND COLDS (Climates).
EPIDEMICS.
THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS.

1871. CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD. Present Epidemic of Small-pox.
WATER-SUPPLY OF LONDON.
THE HEART. THE LUNGS. DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
CHOLERA.

1872. CONTAGION AND INFECTION.
THE ELEVATED HEALTH-RESORTS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE (published by the Med. and Chir. Society).

1873. A memorable course ON CLIMATES, and especially on the CLIMATES OF EUROPE IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.

1874. HEAT. ELECTRICITY. MAGNETISM.

1875, 1876, and 1877. LIGHT. The Eye. Disorders of Vision.
RESPIRATION. NUTRITION IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.
HYGIENE: PERSONAL, PUBLIC, MILITARY.
THE EAR. Sound. Education of the Deaf.
THERMOMETER. STETHOSCOPE. OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS. LARYNGOSCOPE. MICROSCOPE.

1878. SLEEP AND SLEEPLESSNESS. Pain and Pains. Varieties of Headache. Inherited and Acquired Diseases.

1879. The Causes of Disease. Air and Water outside and inside our Houses. Drains.
The Medical Aspects of Insurance. Its History.
Sir Thomas Gresham (1579) on the Insurance of Ships, Armour, Gunpowder, and Velvets.
The Influence of Climate on Health and Disease.

1880. The Organs of Locomotion.
The Organs of Digestion. The Physiology of Digestion.
The Pathology of the Digestive System. Food and Work.

1881. The Brain and Nerves. Aches and Pains.
The Nervous System. The Spinal Cord.
The Liver and its Difficulties.

1882. On Degenerations. Temperaments and Tendencies. Fibrous Degeneration. Waxy and Fatty Degeneration.

1883. Alpine Health Resorts (4 Lectures).
Two Courses on Nursing (8 Lectures).

1884. The Health Exhibition of 1884. Cholera and Infection, etc.

1885. Bronchitis. Tubercle. Pleurisy, etc.
The Heart in Health and Disease.
Vaccination.

1886 and 1887. Glands in Health and Disease. The Blood.
Chemistry and Microscope Treatment.
Food and Work.

1888. Sleep. Sleeplessness. Pain. Opiates and Anæsthetics.
Sea Voyages and Climate in the Southern Hemisphere. Marine Climates. Comparison

between Sea Air, Seaside Air, and Mountain Air. Details of RECENT VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA, Madeira, Teneriffe, and St. Helena. SOUTH AFRICAN CLIMATES—Eastern and Western Climates.

TROPICAL AFRICA.

CLIMATE OF CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.

LIFE INSURANCE Regulations concerning Tropical Life.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION, as based on Constitution, Hereditary Tendencies, and Physical Characteristics.

TROPICAL, ARCTIC, AND TEMPERATE ZONES.

1889. THE MEDICAL ASPECTS OF LIFE ASSURANCE. Life Assurance and Public Health. The Medical Profession in Relation to Insurance. On Gout in Relation to Life Insurance.

LECTURES ON HEREDITY:

(These Courses and the Lectures of the previous year on Climate were so popular that great numbers had to be turned from the door, and the theatre was full of people seated and standing.)

(1) HEREDITY IN BODILY FORM. FAMILY LIKENESS. HEREDITY IN MOULDING NATIONAL CHARACTER: Jews, Gipsies, etc. The efforts of Frederick William of Prussia to breed a race of military giants. Optical Peculiarities.

(2) The INHERITANCE OF MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS. Does the intermarriage of highly gifted persons develop a highly intellectual Race?

(3) HEREDITY IN DISEASE.

1890. Lectures on Heredity (*continued*)—
(1) Modifying Influence of Climate.
(2) The Development of Races.
(3) Balance of Life and Death.
(4) Recent advances in the Science of Heredity.
Preservation of Health. House. Body. Diet.

1891. Prevention of Disease. Influenza and its results, etc.

1892. The Nerves and How to Train them.
Cholera and the present Epidemic.

1893. The Ear. The Nose and Mouth. The Eye. The Voice.

1894. The Sense of Touch. The Sense of Feeling, etc.

1895. Lectures on Hreedity (*continued*)—
(1) Evidences of Geology and Paleontology, Ethnology, and Archæology, in inquiries about Heredity.
(2) Conservation of Energy. Glacial epochs. Distribution of Certain Animals. Arrest in the Spread of Destructive Animals.
(3) Primitive Races of Man. Stone Age. Lake-Dwellers, etc. Bronze and Iron Age. The Skull of the Orang, Negro, and European compared.
(4) Problems of Heredity. Intermarriage of Cousins. Deaf-mutism. Tabular view of Gouty Families. Consumption, inherited or acquired.
The Climate of Egypt and Influence of the Desert. Egypt as a Health Resort.

1896. Lectures on Baths and Medicinal Waters:
(1) Geology. Prevailing Winds. Shelter, etc.
(2) The Channel Islands. The Scilly Islands.
(3) Health Resorts of the South Coast of England.

(4) Choice of Climates. Forms of Exercise compared.

1897. The Latency of Disease.
Vaccination and the Jenner Centenary.
Röntgen Rays.
Bacteria and Disease.
The Medical History of Gresham College during Three Centuries.
Preventive Medicine in the Victorian Era:
(1) Rise and Progress of the Study of Hygiene.
(2) Epidemic and Endemic Diseases of our Era.
(3) Alcoholics and Anæsthetics. The great Temperance Movement.
(4) Hospitals and Nurses.

1898. Tropical Diseases.
Sleep and Pain.
The Borderland between Health and Disease.
The Borderland between Sanity and Insanity.

1899. Preventive Medicine (*continued*)—
(1) Listerism and Life Preservation.
Preventable Diseases.
The Tubercle Bacillus.
(2) The Open-air Treatment of Consumption. Nordrach. Falkenstein. Davos. St. Moritz. Denver. California. The Riviera. South Africa. Egypt.
(3) Earth, Air, Water, and Insects in Relation to Disease.

1900. The Perceptions (4 Lectures).
Military Ambulance. Civil Ambulance.
Diseases of Armies in the Field.
Tropical Diseases in Peace and War.

1901. The Perceptions, *continued* (4 Lectures).
Organs of— Training of— Disorders of. Travel as Treatment of Disordered Perceptions. Moral and Spiritual Powers limitless.
Psychical Phenomena. Telepathy.
The Climate of Algiers (4 Lectures).
The British Congress on Tuberculosis.
Prognosis and Prophecy, etc.

1902. Immunity from Disease (4 Lectures).
Food and Diet (4 Lectures).
Intemperance.

1903. Digestion (12 Lectures): (1) Food and Work. (2) Sugar, Condiments, and Spices. (3) Alcohol. (4) Tea and Coffee. (5) The Digestive Organs. (6) Appendicitis. (7) Food and Physique. (8) Suitable Diet in different Climates. (9) Physiology of Digestion. (10) Digestion, Assimilation, and Nutrition. (11) Disordered digestion. (12) Summary.

1904. Evolution (12 Lectures). (1) Plants. (2) Animals. (3) Man. (4) Evolution of Man's Higher Nature. (5) Heredity and Evolution. (6) Evolution and Sociology. (7) Evolution of the Horse. (8) Mental and Moral Evolution. (9) Evolution in the Vegetable Kingdom. (10) Evolution of Plants. (11) Evolution of Vegetable Foods. (12) Evolution of Medicinal Plants.

1905. Anatomy and Physiology of Plants (8 Lectures).
Climate and Soil in Relation to Plant Life.
Plants in Health and Disease.
Plants in Vegetable Pathology.
Evolution and Degeneration of the Teeth 4 Lectures).

1906. The Prevention of Infection (4 Lectures in January).

The NERVOUS SYSTEM (4 Lectures in April):

(1) Healthy Nerves.
(2) Nerve Disorders.
(3) The Drug Habit.
(4) Sanity and Insanity.

Four Lectures prepared and in proof for the course of Lectures to be given October 2, 3, 4, 5, 1906, but never given.

THE GLANDULAR SYSTEM:

(1) The Glands.
(2) Physics of Circulation.
(3) The Glands in Health and in Disease.
(4) Advances in Early Surgical Treatment and Medical Management consequent on more Accurate Knowledge of the Lymphatic System.

On December 1, 1906, the *City Press* contained this paragraph:

"The death a few days ago of Dr. Symes-Thompson constitutes a grave loss to the medical profession. He was at once one of the most talented consultants of the day, a genial and kindly physician, a generous contributor to medical charities, and a scientist whose contributions to the literature of Medicine will cause his name to be long remembered by his contemporaries and those who succeed him. Dr. Symes-Thompson was Physician to King's College Hospital and the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, of which his father was a founder (his son being now Physician to the Great Northern Central Hospital and to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City Road). Dr. Symes-Thompson was one of the acknowledged authorities on pulmonary diseases, and had devoted many years to research work, in particular concentrating his thoughts

on the bearings of climate upon health and disease. In the City he was a familiar figure by reason of his appointment as the Gresham Professor of Medicine. He was elected by the Mercers' Company so long since as 1867, and for a considerable period had been the senior of the professors. The interest he took in the work served as a stimulus to his colleagues on the staff; and unquestionably to the influence he exercised may be attributed the increased usefulness of the lectures, and their recognition by the world of education as one of the most valued institutions coming down to us from former days.

"His lectures were masterpieces of literary acumen and medical knowledge, while his style was such as to win the confidence of the students and drive home the arguments he was desirous of advancing. It will be no easy task on the part of the trustees to fill the gap which his death has occasioned. It is an open secret that Dr. Symes-Thompson, while fully realizing the good influence exercised by the lectures, had conceived a scheme for extending their scope and promoting their wider usefulness. Had his life been spared, a scheme drafted by him would have been placed formally before the Gresham Committee in a very short while, and undoubtedly the views to which he would have given expression would have received the careful consideration of the trustees. One can only hope that he has left behind him such details of his scheme as will enable others to follow in the path that he had set before himself, and to initiate development in a direction fully in consonance with the will of their far-seeing founder, Gresham. A portrait of the late doctor is published in the *Illustrated London News*."

Ward's "Lives of the Gresham Professors," before alluded to, brings them down to 1740. In September, 1896, the Professor of Astronomy wrote to the Professor of Medicine:

"I hope you have noticed the pictures of Gresham College in Ward's 'Lives,' and the kneeling Professor of Medicine."

The Professors of Gresham College sent this letter of sympathy to the widow of their late colleague:

"DEAR MRS. SYMES-THOMPSON,—Will you allow us, the surviving Professors of Gresham College, to offer to you and to your family our very sincere sympathy in your great sorrow. We wish unitedly to express in a few words our own sense of loss, and to put on record our warm regard for our late colleague and friend. We feel how much Dr. Symes-Thompson has done to continue and to enhance the prestige of Gresham College for upwards of thirty-nine years past; while, as the Senior Professor since the retirement of Dr. Abdy, he has always been ready to act as our Chairman and Representative in any matters connected with its welfare. But what we above all realize, is that in him we have lost a friend; one whose ever-ready sympathy and kindness has endeared him to us as to others. Among the many beyond his own family circle who deeply mourn his loss, we trust that you will kindly appreciate how much we, who have enjoyed the privilege of being his colleagues in his professorial work at Gresham College, desire to be numbered.

"We remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"EDMUND LEDGER, Professor of Astronomy.
"J. E. NIXON, Professor of Rhetoric.
"J. T. BRIDGE, Professor of Music.
"W. H. WAGSTAFF, Professor of Geometry.
"GEORGE H. BLAKESLEY, Professor of Law.
"W. HALLIDAY THOMPSON, Professor of Divinity.
"HENRY E. J. BEVAN, Archdeacon of Middlesex, formerly Gresham Professor of Divinity from 1888 to 1904."

Though there are but few lectures on Temperance in the list of Gresham Lectures, the syllabus of many contains references to it, and the Professor made countless opportunities of alluding to it. His strong, terse sayings on the sin and danger of allowing children to indulge in strong drink, and the benefit of beginning and continuing self-restrained lives on temperance, or, better, on total abstinence principles, were always received with enthusiasm by his audiences.

Among the many maps, pictures, and diagrams, showing the latest information and discoveries in medical science, which were all prepared specially for the lecture in hand, there was an early one which much interested the audience. It was a much-enlarged facsimile of a noble letter written by Sir Thomas Gresham to Queen Elizabeth, with his wonderful sixteenth-century signature, and was displayed by the Professor on the occasion of the tercentenary of the founding of the College.

II.

SPEECH AND LIP-READING FOR THE DEAF.

"We then that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—ROM. XV. i.

"Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a Sunbeam! breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow, from blankest white;
So may a Glory from Defect arise."

BROWNING: *Deaf and Dumb.*

The Training College for Teachers of the Deaf at Ealing on the "speech" or oral system owed much to Edmund Symes-Thompson. His committee

recorded their "heartfelt thankfulness for the help of one whose great ability and generosity, deep sympathy and unfailing kindness, have done so much towards the improvement in the health and education of the deaf."

He was Vice-Chairman from 1878, and Chairman of the Society from 1887 to 1906. He wrote a paper on "The Health of Deaf-Mutes," read at the International Congress at Milan in 1880, which ended with these words:

"Foremost amongst the conditions calculated to improve the health and prolong the life of those totally deaf, must be placed the removal of dumbness, and the practice of the vocal and respiratory organs."

Dr. Symes-Thompson gave the Inaugural Lecture in 1895 of the "Union of Teachers of the Deaf on the Pure Oral System," and another in 1900 at the Imperial Institute. To quote from a paper published for the Society, called "A Living Death":—

"You, then, who are happy, healthy, and prosperous, you who hear earth's music and its pleasant voices, do something for the deaf. Do your best, after the example of that Great One who made the dumb to speak, who took the little ones in His arms and caused the mother's heart to sing for joy."

The following short history of the Society and its work has been contributed by Mrs. Ackers:

"The origin of the Training College came about in this way. When Mr. Ackers' attention was first drawn to the deaf by his only child having lost hearing at three months old from fever, he could find no English teacher able to teach on the German or pure oral system, though the late Mr. Van Praagh was teaching on this

system as director of a Jewish school in London; another Dutch gentleman, Mr. Van Asch, had a small private school, and the Oral Association for the Promotion of Speech had been recently started. Mr. and Mrs. Ackers, doubtful as to the best method of educating the deaf, determined to go into the question thoroughly. They therefore visited institutions and schools in Great Britain, Canada, the United States, and on the Continent of Europe. They made a special point of visiting old pupils in their own homes, to see the results of the systems in the after-life of born-deaf pupils when grown up and thrown on their own resources.

"The result was a conviction that the speech and lip-reading system was capable of doing far more for its pupils than that of signs and finger alphabet; that in practice as well as theory it was of inestimable value, above all for children of poor parents who had to support themselves in after-life. Mr. Ackers, therefore, determined to leave no stone unturned to secure its general adoption in the United Kingdom.

"How was this to be accomplished? What was the great need? Teachers, *trained* teachers; without whom it was impossible to develop and cultivate the little voices, eager to be used, and to prattle like their more favoured hearing companions.

"An English gentleman of high abilities, the late Mr. Arthur Kinsey, was sent by Mr. Ackers to Germany and elsewhere and thoroughly trained, and then in 1877, with the warm sympathy and aid of Dr. and Mrs. Symes-Thompson and other friends of the deaf, the 'Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf and for the Diffusion of the German System' was formed. Dr. Symes-Thompson threw himself the more heartily into the scheme because, as Senior Physician to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, his long and keen observation led him to note that the deaf—in those days not taught to speak

—were specially liable to consumption for want of properly exercising their vocal organs. The following year the Training College for Teachers of the Deaf, with Mr. Kinsey as Principal, was opened at Ealing, with a small practising school attached; for, needless to say, students cannot be trained unless they can see how deaf children are taught, the way in which sounds have to be developed, ideas drawn out, and language imparted.

"After thirty years of quiet, steady work the promoters of the Society can look back with deep thankfulness to what has been accomplished. A hundred and forty-eight teachers have already been trained at Ealing and sent out all over England and abroad, and the knowledge of the system has been so diffused, that parents of the deaf are more and more insisting that their children shall have the full benefits of its teaching.

"The Act of 1893 at last made education compulsory for the blind and deaf in England, as for years it had been for hearing children; giving a great impetus to teaching. Still, the need for good teachers is great—earnest and enthusiastic men and women who, after thorough training, will throw their whole hearts into this work—a high and noble one, with great possibilities of development, and getting to be more and more recognized as such by Education Authorities.

"We are beginning to realize in England, as has for years been done in Denmark, Germany, and other countries, that our deaf need the pick of our teachers—the best educated and most devoted men and women that can be got. Can we 'doubt that those who feel this their vocation, who have the gift of teaching and love of children inseparable from it, will even in this life often receive a rich reward for their devotion to so noble a cause? What greater joy can teachers have than when their old pupils revisit them and tell of their independence, their power to get about alone and hold their own in the

world, and hear them say with true gratitude and affection: 'It is, under God, to you and your teaching, that we owe our position and independence. We can never bless you enough for your labour of love'? That the band of noble and painstaking teachers of the past may have the satisfaction of seeing their ranks regularly recruited by young and equally ardent spirits, carrying on the work to greater and greater perfection, is the earnest desire of all those devoted to the best interests of the deaf."

The number of teachers trained and certificated at the Ealing College is 146. These pay £50 per annum for board, lodging, and tuition. There is an Assisted Students' Fund, from which loans up to £25 are advanced to students who would otherwise find the fees a difficulty. The loan is repaid by quarterly instalments on the student obtaining an engagement.

Many of our trained teachers are at work as private governesses to deaf children of the upper class; many are at work in the various institutions for the deaf throughout the country, and some are abroad. The London County Council has, I believe, nine deaf centres, and it was stated at the last annual meeting that one-third of the teachers employed in the schools were trained at Ealing. The provincial school authorities also have schools for the deaf, and our teachers are often employed in them. Private lessons in speech and lip-reading are also given by Miss Hewett and Miss Mary Johnston at the Training College, Eaton Rise, Ealing, and have proved a comfort to many to whom deafness is beginning to become a trial. They feel that a good harvest justifies the labour of sowing.

CHAPTER V

CLIMATES AND HEALTH RESORTS

"O world as God has made it! all is Beauty;
And knowing this is Love—and Love is Duty."
ROBERT BROWNING: *The Guardian Angel.*

"I had an illness sometime ago, and believed I was going to die. One evening—I was half unconscious—I thought I saw some one standing by my bed, a young man with a beautiful and rather severe face, whom I knew to be an angel. I thought he was the messenger of death, and—for I was wishing to be gone, and have done with it all—I said something to him about being ready to depart, and then added that I was waiting hopefully to see the glories of Paradise. He looked at me rather fixedly—'I do not know why you should expect to take so much pleasure in the beauty of heaven, when you have taken so little trouble to see anything of the beauty of Earth.' So I determined, if I got well enough, I would go about and see something of the glory that *is* revealed to us, and not expect only the glory that *shall be* revealed to us!"

A. C. BENSON: *The Altar Fire.*

CHAPTER V

CLIMATES AND HEALTH RESORTS

"I will fetch my knowledge from afar."—JOB XXXVI. 3.

DR. SYMES-THOMPSON was a great traveller. His opinion was very much sought on the subject of health resorts suitable for various forms of disease. Early association with Buxton, Bath, Harrogate, Llandrindod, Malvern, Ventnor, Bournemouth, Cheltenham, and Scarborough, followed by visits to the German and French spas, the Riviera, and the Pyrenean springs, led him to give much attention to the value of climatic and spa treatment. Subsequent trips among the Alpine health resorts (already referred to)—Scandinavia, Austria, Italy, and Spain—brought fresh grist to his mill of information.

Then he went further afield to judge the effect of sea-voyages. He took tours in Greece, Turkey-in-Asia, the Holy Land, Egypt, Algeria, and the rest of North Africa, where he penetrated into the desert 450 miles south of the Mediterranean; and he also took a memorable trip to Madeira and South Africa.

These journeyings impressed upon him the belief "that much of our future well-being depends on the wise choice of soil and climate." He held that "the recognition of forthcoming disease-tendencies, hereditary influences, acquired characteristics, and environment, enables a physician to use climates and spas with a preventive power which no drugs, rules, or other therapeutic influences can supply, and that while trying to use *and improve* our own English and Scotch health resorts, the distant parts of the world should not be neglected."

A paper on "Transatlantic Health Resorts" was read by Dr. Symes-Thompson at one of the Medical Congresses. He contributed in 1873 a paper on "The Elevated Health Resorts of the Southern Hemisphere, with Special Reference to South Africa," before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society,* in which he was able to record as the basis of his work the details of some twenty cases of disease, treated for the most part in Natal and the Orange Free State.

When, after an illness, he had been completely restored to health by a visit to South Africa in 1888, he read a paper on the subject before the Medical Society of London on November 12; and another, without any detailed description of the cases suited for the climates of South Africa, and more suited to a general audience, on the following evening at the Royal Colonial Institute, in the Whitehall Rooms, on November 13.

* Transactions, R.M.C.S., vol. lvi., 1873.

I will venture to draw a few short quotations from this long and somewhat exhaustive essay:*

"Our European health resorts supply us with varied means by which we may successfully meet the requirements of those who require change of air to complete their convalescence from acute illness, and for those who need to be sheltered from the vicissitudes of our English winter; but our Colonies must be searched to supply what is wanted for a third class of patients—those for whom health can alone be anticipated if they are content to be separated for years, or perhaps for life, from the conditions under which their disease originated. As regards the first, however, a sea-voyage with a short sojourn in a sunnier clime may accomplish more completely what is often sought in a too hurried rush across Europe.

"We must regard our Colonies with gratitude as affording health stations for our children, and breathing-space for our teeming home population.

"In deciding where to send patients we must be not only doctors, but students of character. The health-seeker in a new country should be a man of resource; not given to indolence or to luxurious habits, but able to interest himself in the life of his neighbours, and ready to accept any post which may be offered to him. On comparing the Southern with the Northern hemisphere, we are in the latter accustomed to regard an elevation of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet as necessary to secure immunity from consumption. But the elevation above the sea at which such immunity is secured in South Africa is remarkably low. In the district of the 'Karroo' we find a region characterized by excessive dryness of air

* Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute, 1888-89, vol. xx., pp. 4-51.

and soil, where at a level of less than 3,000 feet above the sea remarkable purity and coolness of air are secured, great intensity of light and solar influence, great stillness in winter, a large amount of ozone, and a degree of rarefaction of proved value in cases of phthisis. In summer, however, the heat is excessive and the winds hot and dust-laden in the daytime. The nights are cool, and there is no rain except sudden thunderstorms.

"Dr. Symes-Thompson then described the Knysna district. Port Elizabeth has been called the 'Liverpool' of South Africa. It has a fine sea-wall and promenade, and is cool and cleanly. Grahamstown stands at a height of 1,800 feet, and is beautifully situated within thirty miles of the sea, with a rainfall fairly and equally distributed throughout the year. It is full of educational, ecclesiastical, and intellectual advantages. The Eastern Province divides itself into (1) the coast plateau, warm, genial, and equable; (2) a midland terrace, from 1,000 to 2,500 feet elevation, cooler, drier, and more genial; (3) a mountain climate rising to 5,000 feet, still drier and more bracing. Among places of lower elevation, he states that 'Ceres, Matjesfontein, and Caledon take the highest place. Of medium elevation, Barkley West and Cradock are excellent; and of higher elevation above 4,000 feet, Middleberg, Aliwal North, Howick, and certain places in Natal are valuable. In the Western districts of Cape Colony the rainfall is but 3 to 4 inches, and often two or three years pass without rainfall. On the east coast of Natal, however, the rainfall is from 45 to 50 inches, Durban 39 inches, and Maritzberg 38 inches. These, therefore, have better vegetation. South Africa gets its sparse winter rains from the icy waters of the South Atlantic; South-East Africa its ample summer rains from the warm Mozambique current of the Indian Ocean. South Africa is not yet ready for *poor* invalids.'"

Sir Edward Sieveking, in his address as President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society in 1888-89, stated that its library was strangely deficient in reliable works on British baths and climates. He quoted with appreciation Dr. Symes-Thompson's paper on "South Africa as a Health Resort," in which it was stated that "the public mind is awakening to the knowledge that the British Empire possesses climates adapted for every form of constitutional defect, and that the spas in our Colonies are equal to any to be found on the Continent of Europe." A scientific committee was appointed. Dr. Symes-Thompson was asked to draw up a scheme by which physicians not personally interested in any particular spa should visit the climatic resorts, bathing-places, and mineral springs of Great Britain and Ireland, and report in an accessible form the facts in connexion therewith. As a result, two large volumes, called "The Climates and Baths of Great Britain," were published by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, the first in 1895, the second in 1902. Dr. Symes-Thompson, with the aid of Dr. Lazarus Barlow, Dr. Aikman of Guernsey, and Dr. Dunlop of Jersey, contributed the report on the Channel Islands, also that on Devonshire. One of the results of this movement was the foundation of the British Balneological and Climatological Society, of which Dr. Symes-Thompson was appointed President in 1903. He gave a very comprehensive presidential address on "Far-away Climates." To quote a little of what he said on that occasion, as published in the Society's quarterly journal:

"We are learning to give the open-air treatment its proper place—not to regard it as a substitute for, but as an efficient handmaid to, other treatment.

"Chronic disease needs for its cure months or years of wise treatment. The secret of the success of Madeira has been the open-air life that it promotes. For many patients an equable air, never too cold nor too keen, is the real desideratum. As a rule, *men* stand sea-voyages better than women, and become adjusted to the movement in about twenty-four hours.

"Whether in Algiers or Egypt, the dry air of the desert is the valuable element. Biskra is more accessible than Helouan, and very similar in its effects. Camping out in the Lybian Desert, south of Assouan, is likely to prove of value in some early cases of phthisis. As we pass Khartoum and approach Uganda there are high-lying districts of 5,000 feet elevation, the Shiré Highlands, where Europeans flourish, and where even English children may be reared. 'Egypt as a Health Resort' is to be found in the *Practitioner* for December, 1895.

"Turning to Australia, we note a strong likeness between the climates of the eastern provinces of South Africa and those of New South Wales and Queensland at corresponding latitudes. The snow-limit in Australia is 1,000 feet lower than in Europe. Melbourne has the same shade temperature as Madrid; Sydney the same as Toulon. Much of Victoria is analogous to the South of England. The coolest months in Victoria and New South Wales are from about April to November. The grasses of Australia are natural grasses, and not English sown, as is the case in New Zealand. Sydney people go to the Blue Mountains (3,000 feet) in summer. Melbourne is not so oppressive as Sydney, but is very hot in summer, and has a treacherous climate.

"New Zealand is a windy land, and Wellington is its

most windy city. Dunedin is like Scotland, Christchurch more like England. At Auckland the climate is delightful, but uncertain, and somewhat relaxing. Camellias, roses, and arums flourish throughout the year. Nelson is sheltered and sleepy. Speaking generally, New Zealand is windy and moist. It is a land of cliffs, peaks, and volcanic cones, and cool, noiseless forests. . . . Life is more homely, and living better and cheaper than in Australia.

"Thirty years ago it was my privilege to read a paper before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society on 'The Hill Stations of India and Ceylon.' There is still much to be learned about them. In the North-Western Territory of Canada 192,000,000 acres of land of unsurpassed fertility await the advent of a British population."

After describing Florida, the Bahamas, etc., Dr. Symes-Thompson gave a word-picture of the charms of the West Indies, and stated that the best time to be there is from October to April. He spoke of Jamaica as "a perfect natural paradise," and said that this wonderful island is becoming year by year of ever-increasing importance to the health-seeker.

He went on to describe Brazil, and said that—

"the voyage should be taken between May and September. The rainy season in the interior lasts from September to March. Among the Brazilian health resorts suitable for chest cases the Auraucaria pine-forest regions of the Parana may be commended, accessible by steamer from Rio de Janeiro. The Campos de Tordas is near Rio de Janeiro, though difficult of access. The climate is genial and delightful."

Speaking of modern citizens of the United States, he says:

"So racehorse-like are the typical Americans that in three generations, if unaided by new blood, they cease to be prolific. What lesson is to be drawn from this? If men and women are already too keen, and become sleepless, excitable, neurotic, do not send them to live in the United States. If they are torpid and lacking in energy, encourage them to seek a home in climes where those qualities are fully developed. As we travel westward through the States we meet with varying types of climate and character. In Colorado, the great elevation above sea-level has vast influence for good on health and life, and in Denver and its neighbourhood there are many prosperous men who would have died young in Europe. Our own Dominion of Canada has a beautiful summer climate, and the long, unbroken frosts of winter have brought health and vigour to many.

"To draw together the medical men in our Colonies —in India, in Canada, and throughout the world—is a worthy ambition in which our Society is proving useful. We seek to ascertain and to distribute the knowledge we acquire of home and foreign centres, and to establish, as it were, a bureau, in which information coming from the uttermost parts of the earth is received, tabulated, and made available for our loved profession."

The portrait which serves as frontispiece to this memoir is that which appeared in the *Journal of the British Balneological and Climatological Society*, which has given permission for its reproduction.

CHAPTER VI

THE GUILD OF ST. LUKE

" He now can never mourn,
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain."
SHELLEY: *Adonais.*

" Lord, who sentest Thy disciples,
Filling them with power Divine,
Sent them forth with gifts of healing,
Bless these, too, for they are Thine !

" Lord, behold Thy called and chosen—
Still Thy richest gifts bestow ;
Members of a great profession,
Walking in Thy steps below.

" Bless their hands, O holy Master !
Fill them with Thy grace and power ;
Bless their lips, that they may whisper
Comfort in some dying hour.

" Thine for ever ! called and chosen !
Thine, to strengthen and to bless ;
Fill them with Thy love and fervour ;
Clothe them with Thy righteousness."

[This hymn by " M. H." is sung at St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of the Annual Medical Service in State, of the Guild of St. Luke.]

CHAPTER VI

THE GUILD OF ST. LUKE

"He hath given men skill, that He might be honoured in His marvellous works. There is a time when in their hands there is good success. For they shall also pray unto the Lord, that He would prosper that which they give for ease and remedy to prolong life. For of the Most High cometh healing." —ECCLUS XXXVIII.: *St. Luke's Day Evensong.*

ON January 1, 1896, Dr. Symes-Thompson, as Provost of the Guild of St. Luke, sent this New Year's letter to the members:

"As we of the Guild of St. Luke look forward to the year which opens to-day, we see opportunities for work and thoughts for encouragement. It is a great pleasure to us to know that, for the first time in the history of our Guild, the Archbishop of Canterbury has undertaken to preach to us at our anniversary gathering in St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday, October 21. There is encouragement also in the signs we meet from week to week of increased interest in the work of our medical missions. The Guild has done good work since its foundation, but it might do more. We need a large accession of numbers, and an increase of earnestness and devotion on the part of the brethren, the members, and the clerical associates. We desire to be an Epiphany Guild among 'doctors,' old and young. Each one of us

must remind himself that he is bound to hold out a helping hand to medical brothers struggling after a higher and more practical perception of heavenly things. Have we not some friends among students, or men of our own age, who would rejoice in the sense of brotherhood, and who by joining us would bring new energy and vitality to our body? Can we not think of some medical acquaintance who is lonely, and who would care to be drawn closer to us by a religious as well as a professional bond? Are there no students who, but for a definite effort on our part, are likely to drift away from early loyalty to their Church and even from their Christianity? Can we not make our membership of this Guild a clear voice to all such, that their seniors in the profession are ready openly to avow that they are seekers after God, and not that only, but that they find strength and satisfaction in the Christ of Whom St. Luke wrote and in the Church which He founded?"

On January 1, 1901, he sent the following:

"As the new century opens upon us, it seems to bring with it a question to our Guild which needs a definite and prompt answer. It asks, What has been left undone in the past which should be done now? What can the Guild do in its corporate character? What can each brother or member do as an individual? The need for active lay workers was certainly never greater than it is to-day. As a body of laymen we are bound together to maintain 'the Faith.' That implies that we may do something to advance the Divine development which the new century will surely bring. Our membership in a Church militant gives us a cause to fight for, but it does not require that we should show a militant spirit towards each other. Rather does it call us to show a united front against our foes, and for this end smooth the

asperities, and reduce the angularities which keep us apart from one another. While we strengthen that which is good and make up our gaps, we should be alert to enlarge our habitation where a wise extension is invited.

"We doctors are constantly reminded of man's complex nature, and ought to realize that our religion should meet and satisfy the needs of head and heart alike. The reason, the conscience, the emotions should meet and combine in due harmony and subordination. The moral and the intellectual, the spiritual and the physical, must all grow together into a veritable unity of life. Organs and functions may differ, but the life and its end be one. The instinct of devotion, mysterious as it is, must have its place found for it, and kept sacred when found, while reason and conscience have their court of appeal too. The communion with the unseen remains a deep necessity for those whose daily work is much occupied with physical phenomena. To keep the balance true, we specially need to be put into quick relation with the verities of the spiritual world, or—for you will take the simplest words as best—to get into closer communion with God. It is thus—perhaps thus alone—that our influence will tell with the best and most healing power on the characters of our patients and friends.

"Humility will hold us fast all the time, but we may dare to hope that we may thus ennoble, enrich, and enliven other lives by the power of the life within us. But the question will recur, How are we, in the midst of all the engrossments and occupations of our daily work, to attain to that intimate union with God which will make our life and influence truly vivifying? Every man must in the last resort answer this question for himself, as guided by God the Spirit. And yet we may find some rules or maxims, certain *media axiomata*, which we may

put up and read as sign-posts to guide us at the dividing ways. *Obedience is the path of insight* may be one. It will warn us we cannot know of the doctrine without willing to do 'the will.' *Growth is the sign of life* may be another, which will make us less than content unless we trace in ourselves some signs of progress. Or we may remind ourselves that an enfeebled or vitiated appetite does not report truly of a patient's needs, and so recognize that a marked distaste for certain truths or practices of religion may hint to us that we have a need of them. The man who hates 'an emotional religion' may want his own emotions stirred; or the man who puts aside the practice of worship by saying '*Laborare est orare*,' may be revealing how strenuously he needs reminding that '*Orare est laborare*.'"

The Rev. Frank Jones, Chaplain of St. Luke's College, writes as follows:

"In 1884 Dr. Symes-Thompson joined the Guild of St. Luke, with which his name will always be associated, and of which Robert Brett was the first Provost. Founded in 1864, it takes rank as one of the oldest of modern Church Guilds. The original founders were a little group of medical students and medical men who desired to achieve two objects: firstly, the deepening of their spiritual life, and, secondly, the demonstration to the world at large that the Christian faith was not inconsistent with scientific training—in other words, that there is no collision between Religion and Science. They bound themselves to 'frequent and regular Communions, to intercessory prayer, to personal influence and example, and to the promotion of works of mercy.' For some years after its formation, the Guild was a private society; but as it grew it became stronger, and emerged into public view, chiefly by means of the

Annual Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, of which we shall speak presently. The membership of the Guild is entirely confined to practitioners and students of medicine who are communicants of the Church of England, and a large number of clergy have been elected as associates. The Guild appeals to all Churchmen, admits the clergy as associates, and has received definite personal recognition from nearly the whole of the Episcopate, fifty Bishops of the Anglican Communion having expressed their warm approval of its aims and efforts. The efforts of the Guild are manifold. The combined study of religious and scientific subjects at the Guild meetings is of immense value. The following are a few of the many questions that have been dealt with from time to time, the discussions being reported in our monthly paper: 'Evolution and Theology,' 'Heredity,' 'The Mystery of Pain,' 'The Administration of the Chalice and Infection,' 'The Christian Duty of Fasting,' 'Science an Aid to Faith,' etc. But in the early days of the Guild it was realized that no Christian body can afford to be selfish; if such a body is to be effective, it must be working for others as well as for its own edification. Naturally a Guild of medical men has turned its attention to Medical Missionary Work at Home and Abroad. Some members went out to the Mission Field, some gave time and labour to work in East End Dispensaries, and large grants of money were made from time to time towards the support of Medical Missionary work abroad.

"With all these objects Dr. Symes-Thompson was in thorough accord, and from the very first was a constant and keen worker in the Guild. He joined the Council in 1886, becoming Vice-President in 1890, and Provost in 1892. This last office he resigned in 1901, but kept his interest in and work for the Guild as keen as ever until the very end. Three important events in the

history of the Guild occurred during the period of Dr. Symes-Thompson's Provostship. The first was the alteration in the character of the Annual Service in St. Paul's Cathedral. In the old days this was merely the annual Festival Service of the Guild; but mainly through the Provost's instrumentality it was converted into a service for the whole of the Medical Profession, large numbers of whom have since attended annually in their Doctors' robes in order to show their recognition of the great truths of Christianity, and to acknowledge dependence in the exercise of their ability on Divine Inspiration and Blessing.

"The second—women were admitted to the Guild on the same footing as men. This, when first suggested, provoked some discussion, but in May, 1895, it was definitely decided to institute a Women's Ward. This is now a large and important part of our organization, and Mrs. Scharlieb is its present President. The third and most important matter in connexion with the Guild during this period was the inception of St. Luke's College. This College was the logical outcome of the interest which the Guild has taken since its earliest days in Medical Missionary Work at Home and Abroad.

"At home this interest focussed itself for many years chiefly in the All Saints' Dispensary, Buxton Street, under the able superintendence of the Rev. Basil Rust, where many leading members of the Guild worked hard and lovingly amongst some of the poorest and most degraded in the semi-alien quarter of Shoreditch. Dr. Symes-Thompson himself did much good work in this connexion, and in 1897, during his Provostship, he became Consulting Physician to the Dispensary. Indeed, the very last business and correspondence that the present writer had with him was upon its affairs, in which he was most keenly interested. The foreign missionary work of the

Guild brought it face to face with a new difficulty—viz., the exceeding shortage in the supply of *qualified* medical missionaries. For the Guild has always taken up very strongly the ground that only the best men should undertake this work; and while recognizing that a first-aid training is useful, if not necessary, to every missionary, the Guild claims that only the qualified man should practise and be recognized as a Medical Missionary. The demand for Medical Missionaries has been vastly in advance of the supply, so that the Guild felt forced to consider the possibility of founding a residential College, where medical students could reside during their professional course at London Hospitals, and be trained mentally and spiritually for their life's work.

"This scheme was definitely adopted by the Guild in August, 1897, when the motion of Dr. Russell Wells, the present Provost, 'That the Guild do found such a College,' was carried after an interesting discussion. The subjoined report of Dr. Symes-Thompson's opening remarks on this occasion is interesting, as showing his keen interest in every branch of the Guild. 'During the visit which I paid to the East in the early part of this year,' he said, 'I went to Ephesus, and, when there, investigated a tomb which had been recently uncovered. It was discovered ten years ago; but lately further portions have been disclosed, and the evidence of its being the tomb of our Patron Saint, Luke, is very strong indeed. The character of the tomb is that of a central building supported by pillars with a dome, and in the centre of this dome is a tomb which appears to be that of the Saint. Around this there is a paved court 150 feet in diameter, and in this court a large number of Christians appear to be buried, evidently in the desire to be near the holy relics. At the entrance to the tomb there is a Cross—a Christian emblem—together with a

bull, which we recognize as being the emblem of our Saint. Feeling that it would be of interest to the Guild to have in its possession a small fragment from that sacred shrine, I brought this portion of a capital, which I think of having mounted in silver, with a little inscription on it, so that it shall be handed down as a memento.

"'The chief matter, however, which I want to bring before you is the experience I gained of the life of the Medical Missionaries at Damascus, Haifa, Jerusalem, and Joppa. Seeing much of Dr. Wheeler, of Jerusalem, and of Dr. Masterman at Damascus, I was able to enter closely into the work done by them; and it was brought home to me in a more forcible way than ever that the method of our Founder, St. Luke, and of his Master, in dealing with the wants of men by combining medical and spiritual teaching, is the true method by which to deal with foreign races, especially the Mahometans and Jews. I was particularly struck by the way the people were impressed with the help of the Medical missionary, who, by attention to their bodily ailments, won their sympathy, and thus paved the way for higher spiritual work. Here is a means of reaching men which we of the Guild of St. Luke cannot possibly neglect. If we found a College in connexion with the Guild, we may have a sense of assurance that, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, suitable workers will be found.'

"In 1905 a house was taken, 26, Carlton Hill, N.W., which was definitely accepted as St. Luke's College. When the College was opened and blessed by the Bishop of London, it was delightful to see Dr. Symes-Thompson's joy as the scheme which lay so near his heart came to fruition. No one took a keener interest in the furnishing and equipment of the house than he; and the writer well remembers the Past-Provost's joy in himself bringing up

engravings which he valued to hang on the walls of the Common Room and make it look more 'homey.' Indeed, it was these little acts of thoughtfulness and kindness that made him so loveable. He was always thinking of others, because he was always 'practising the presence of God.' Never was there a man to whom the word 'loveable' was more wholly applicable. A strong man and scholarly, he naturally held dogmatic views on subjects both religious and secular; but however strong his own convictions were, and however capable he may have been of expressing those convictions on fitting occasions, he never allowed them to pass into prejudices, or to hinder his appreciation of those who differed from him. Whatever there was in others that was true and honest and just, whatever was pure and lovely and of good report, it was of those things that he thought and those things that he emphasized."

The Guild and College of St. Luke have lost a faithful friend. That he still prays for us we hope and believe, and we in turn cherish his memory, strive to follow his example, and pray that growing rest, peace, and light may be his portion as he draws nearer to the full, unclouded vision of God.

Canon Newbolt, Warden of the Guild, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral on the last Sunday in 1906, said:

"Those of us who are familiar with the objects and work of the Medical Guild of St. Luke will not forget the example of the beloved Physician, Dr. Symes-Thompson, who has lately passed from us. He had the work of the Guild and the spiritual activities of the Church so much at heart."

Among the papers which Dr. Symes-Thompson read before the Guild of St. Luke much interest attaches to one on "The Physical Cause of the Death of Christ," which was published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. This paper lucidly sets forth a theory propounded by Dr. Stroud and published in 1846. Death from crucifixion is a lingering one, and it does not usually take place for two or three days. In the case of Our Lord death occurred suddenly, and after an interval of only six hours. The cause of death must, therefore, have been an unusual one, and if the theory advanced is correct, it was rupture of the heart, the result of agony of mind. Certain cases of such a death are adduced, and agony of mind must have been extreme in Our Lord's case at the thought of the sin of the world, and when He realized the withdrawal of the Father's presence. Grief and fear such as this would have caused tumultuous action of the heart, and rupture would be followed by sudden death through the entrance of about 2½ pints of blood into the pericardium. This blood would quickly coagulate, giving rise to clot and to clear fluid. The soldier's spear entering the chest from below, the contents of the pericardium would be instantly and completely discharged in a full stream of clear watery liquid, intermixed with clotted blood flowing more slowly down the side. This explanation of the "blood and water" brings the Gospel story into complete harmony with physiology. The paper also deals with the question of the "Bloody Sweat."

CHAPTER VII

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS
LIFE ASSURANCE

"New life! new work! with servant seraphims,
O Lord of service! Lord of Life!
Grant me that guerdon in the other life,
New service there—that, with my latest breath,
Be my one prayer, O living Lord of Death."

DR. STUBBS.

CHAPTER VII

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS; LIFE ASSURANCE

"O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence, urge man's search
To vaster issues. . . . So to live is heaven!"

GEORGE ELIOT.

"When God said 'Let the earth bring forth,' it brought forth by its own God-given power. Mechanical power, vital power, moral power, spiritual power are all emanations of Divine energy."

FEW things inspired the enthusiasm of our beloved physician more than missionary work. He felt that the world must be won for Christ. His eyes sparkled when he read of the victories won by the soldiers of the Cross, whether in distant lands or in the slums of our own great cities. They often were dimmed with tears when he read the splendid records of martyrdom for the Faith. He was ever ready to advise and cheer those who came

to him about their present state of health, on other and higher matters.

They felt their vocation. They felt armed for the conflict after seeing him. But a truce to my own words! Let others speak for him.

Bishop Montgomery, Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, writes:

"I know how great and good your dear husband's work has been."

The Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, to whom some medical books had been sent, wrote:

"They will be of use in some of our Medical Missions, and the fact of their having belonged to Dr. Symes-Thompson will give them added value in the eyes of the missionaries to whom they are sent."

The late Bishop Webb, Dean of Salisbury, who died so soon after his friend, wrote:

"I am at least able to remember with gratitude his care for South Africa and work for the Church there, in which I had some share. His care was not merely a sentiment, but a devotion to the great cause of the kingdom of God, which was manifested in many other endeavours receiving encouragement, and even inspiration, from him. I know what St. Luke's Hostel and his aid there has done for some who have laboured in the Colonies."

His special and prayerful enthusiasm for all medical mission work has already been described.

The Diocesan Board of Finance, Bloemfontein, by its Canon and Chancellor, wrote:

"The Synod desires to express the deep loss which it has sustained through the death of Dr. Symes-Thompson, a loyal Churchman and a devoted friend of the Diocese."

The Hon. Secretary of the Universities Mission to Central Africa wrote:

"This committee learns with sorrow of the death of their kind friend and supporter Dr. Symes-Thompson. The interest he took in the work of Foreign Missions is well known. They realize that his death removes from their body one who was always ready to assist them in their work."

The Moosonee and Keewatin Diocesan Association "regret to hear of their loss in the death of their Chairman, who so readily gave his kindly and sympathetic interest to everything connected with the Association." He was specially interested in this work among the ice and snowfields, where their posts only arrive about twice a year, and the work is difficult and almost heart-breaking. One of the dearest friends of his family, Miss Chase, is the honoured Hon. Secretary in England.

The lately resigned Bishop of Mashonaland (Gaul) says in a letter:

"Indeed, we praise and bless God's Holy Name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear; and the list grows long and glorious and luminous for us all, like the promise of dawn in this wonderful land of light and shadow. They show us the way like beams of the morning."

The subject of this memoir valued the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and its magnificent and many-sided work. He was on its Council and its Literature Committee. One of its Secretaries, in the name of the Literature Committee, expresses regret at "the great loss which they have sustained

by his death; the loss of one whom it was a privilege to know and to work with." And a resolution was sent, in the name of the Standing Committee, expressing "the high appreciation in which he was held by all. His keen interest in our work, both on its charitable and publishing sides, was most noteworthy. His help on our Medical Missions Committee was extremely valued, and in all ways we feel we have lost a very real friend. He was honoured and loved by all who knew him."

He felt particularly grateful to the S.P.C.K. for large grants towards the medical education of two of the students of St. Luke's College and Guild—for one £150, for another £75, per annum. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel gives a studentship of £30 to the College.

My husband used to examine, for the British Women's Emigration Society, into the health of those who wished to go abroad, and the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, its President, after an affectionate letter, adds:

"I never knew him wrong in his diagnosis of cases. If he said a woman might go, he was always right; and if he said it was not a case to leave England, the result proved that he was right there too. Whenever I came to you, his extraordinary powers of sympathy heartened me up, and his broad Christian views strengthened me. That paper he wrote for the Bristol Church Congress in 1903, 'Science an Aid to the Religious Mind,' has, I know, been of use to many men."

And it was a great pleasure to him to help in founding the All Saints' Hospital and Dispensary in the East End of London.

For many years he was a member of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and was on its General Council, his son, Dr. Henry Symes-Thompson, being its Hon. Treasurer.

The last charitable meeting at which he spoke, four months before his death, was a garden gathering in aid of the Kensington District Nursing Association, at which the Princess Christian assisted by her presence. He was Honorary Consulting Physician to the Women's Holiday Fund.

With reference to the National Sunday Observance united movement, begun in 1901, which increased in 1906 to a membership of 30,000, Dr. Symes-Thompson wrote as follows:

"I am in full sympathy with Mr. Kingscote in his desire to keep Sunday free from social and other engagements, which spoil the peace of life, encourage restlessness, and tend to deteriorate the physical, intellectual, and moral well-being of a nation."

Life Assurance.

One of Dr. Symes-Thompson's chief interests was the study of Life Assurance. His power of quick diagnosis enabled him to examine candidates' good and bad points with perfect fairness, both to themselves and to the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society, to which he was physician for twenty-eight years. His Wednesday visits to the office in Lincoln's Inn Fields were always a real pleasure to him, and the affection and sympathy of the Chairman, of the late actuary, Mr. A. F. Burridge, and of the present actuary, Mr. W. P. Phelps, as well as of the whole

Board, will always be remembered by his wife with unmixed satisfaction and gratitude.

The Chairman, Mr. Cecil H. Russell, at the annual meeting in March, 1907, said that—

"No one who parted with him, as he (the Chairman) did, at the end of July, could have believed that in a few days he would be struck down by the illness which in the end proved fatal. He was a man full of mental and bodily vigour, and keenly interested in the affairs of the world, and in particular in Insurance affairs. The greatest testimony to his value, from the point of view of those interested in this Society, was to be found in the statement which had been made from the chair so often that it had practically become almost common form—that the mortality had been below the expectation and its incidence favourable. He had been cut down when apparently there were many years of good and useful work before him."

The same opinion, maintained in 1906, was held so long ago as in 1878, when Sir William Jenner said:

"He has been known to me for many years as a most able and distinguished Physician."

And in the same year Sir James Paget had written:

"Symes-Thompson's reputation as a physician might surely suffice without testimonials to make it certain that he is very highly qualified to be Physician to an Insurance Society. He is among the most cultivated members of his profession and with rare ability, and has used all the opportunities of a large experience to make himself fit for his highest duties."

Dr. Symes-Thompson read a paper in March, 1879, on "Gout in Connection with Life Assurance,"

before the Medical Society, which was published in the *Medical Times and Gazette*. In 1888 he gave twelve lectures on the subject at Gresham College, when he said that, though Sir Thomas Gresham had introduced insurance of ships, etc., the first assurance society was founded in 1696. He showed the value of provident habits in lessening anxiety and so prolonging life, entered into the question of risks, and described the power of numbers to neutralize variations; also how medical examination for life assurance was often instrumental in the detection and removal of early tendencies to disease. He spoke of choice or occupation as based on the constitution, hereditary tendencies, and physical characteristics, and gave a lecture on suitable regulations concerning life in tropical, arctic, and temperate zones.

In a paper on "The Health of Deaf-Mutes," he said:

"Having shown that the state of deaf-mutism tends to the deterioration of health, the development of disease, and the shortening of life, we will now endeavour to show that methods by which the free use of the lungs may be secured by varied and regulated speech should be encouraged in every way."

In 1899 he read a paper on "Extra Rating of Unhealthy Lives" at the Life Assurance Medical Officers' Association, of which he was Vice-President, which was followed by a discussion in which many other leading doctors took part.

At the beginning of his medical career Dr. Symes-Thompson was physician to the West of England

Life Assurance Society. He was a shareholder and for some time auditor to the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society. He was seldom absent from its annual meeting and luncheon, at which he usually spoke.

He held several "Life" and "Endowment" policies with the "Equity and Law," "Clerical and Medical," and "Equitable" Societies on his own life and those of his children. Three of his sons were insured by a few large annual payments, one of his thoughtful arrangements for their future. He strongly advocated this method to those of his friends who were more or less dependent on large professional incomes, as one of the best and simplest means of saving for their children.

One who was closely associated with him in his Life Assurance work, has said—

"His success as a physician to an assurance society was largely due to his sympathetic manner, which gained the willing confidence of the most nervous examinee. This quality, which should form part of the equipment of every examining physician, was specially marked in the case of Dr. Symes-Thompson, and coupled as it was with wide general knowledge and experience, enabled him to readily arrive at a sound appreciation of the prospect of longevity in the case of the proposer. In cases having a probability of life less than the average, his study of the subject of Extra Rating was of great value to the Board of Directors. Dr. Symes-Thompson always kept in close touch with the members of the office staff, in whom he showed great interest, and it was the fine quality of sympathy already referred to, which endeared him to their memory."

CHAPTER VIII

CAVENDISH SQUARE AND FINMERE, 1897-1904

"On bravely through the sunshine and the showers,
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours."

EMERSON.

"As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of Time,
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-grown flowers.
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours."

WHITTIER.

"The greatest wonder is, that to us, the real true wonders can become so commonplace, and must become so."—LESSING.

CHAPTER VIII

CAVENDISH SQUARE AND FINMERE, 1897-1904

"The science of life is the highest of sciences."

"Follow the Christ! the King!
Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
Follow the King!
Else wherefore born?"

TENNYSON.

OUR silver wedding, as already mentioned, was celebrated on St. James's Day, 1897.

That was the year when London was rejoicing in the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. On that occasion we had seats provided by the College of Physicians, and others by the Grocers' Company, close to St. Paul's, where Her Majesty passed, weeping for joy, within ten yards of us. No less than fourteen relations and friends were staying with us at Cavendish Square on the occasion, and the strong, joyous loyalty of the host, always a staunch Conservative, made it a time of profound interest to him, as indeed it was throughout the whole Empire. He dreaded Socialism as generally understood, saying it meant robbery in the beginning, selfishness

and ill-feeling in the continuance, and despotism at the end.

For two or three years we had been looking for a country house, having become too busy to search for a different holiday resting-place each year. We learnt by looking at the various houses offered by agents that summer what we did *not* want, which went far towards helping to a satisfactory decision.

Meanwhile, the autumn of 1897 was spent pleasantly at Burnham Rectory, within easy reach of the river.

In 1898 we bought Finmere House, our eldest son having heard that its then owner, Mr. Slingsby Bethell, wanted to sell the freehold. It seemed to answer all our requirements, but it was not ready for occupation till Easter of the following year.

Besides, my husband was anxious to take part in the Edinburgh Medical Congress, and our friend Sir William Muir had invited us to stay there with him on the occasion. We afterwards went to a lovely place which we had taken in Scotland, called Murraythwaite, near Ecclefechan, where we had excellent shooting and a long reach of the river Annan for fishing and boating.

Our son Frank negotiated the rapids of the river to its mouth in a canoe made by himself. He also made a bust there, to the delight of his father, of his elder sister, using the conservatory, which formed an attractive studio, for the purpose.

On the return to a very busy life in town, we found time gradually to search for suitable furniture, and unearthed much of it from old furniture shops.



FINIMERE HOUSE, OXFORDSHIRE.

For Finmere House was such a dear, comfortable, old-world place that modern things would have been quite out of place there.

Finmere has a very ancient history. We find from documents in the Public Record Office that William the Conqueror bestowed it on his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. This is mentioned in Domesday Book among the "Lands of the Bishop of Baieux." At the forfeiture of Bishop Odo's estates the King conferred this manor on Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutance, in Normandy, and it appears that the "Robert" mentioned in the Domesday Survey and his descendants were lords of the manor of Finmere and a family of considerable local importance in later days, sufficient to obtain the royal grant for claiming and preserving the wild game of their estate. In 1296 we read: "The heir of Robert de Fynmere holds the Knight's fee in Fynmere" (*Inquis. p.m.* 24 *Edw. I.*); and "Osebert de Fynmere" is mentioned in the same, 8 *Edw. II.*

The village life, its manners and customs, continued, the manor being still in direct possession of the Crown.

In the reign of Henry III. (1216-1272), the overlordship belonged to the Clares, Earls of Gloucester. We find Lawrence del Brok mentioned as owner in 1255, and Hugh del Brok in 1284. Sir Bartholomew de Badlesmere was hanged and attainted in 1322. On the death of Sir Giles de Badlesmere, his son and heir, Fynmere Manor was divided: two-thirds went to his widow, who afterwards married Hugh le Despencer, the royal favourite, who possessed it

till the forfeiture of all his estates for high treason; and one-third went direct to Elizabeth, daughter and coheiress of Giles de Badlesmere. Her second husband, William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton, seems to have held it in her right in 1346, during the reign of Edward III.

The whole manor eventually passed to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, her son by her first husband, and so descended through the Mortimer heiress to the Duke of York.

Finmere formed part of the Dower of Cecily, Duchess of York, and after her death it passed to her granddaughters, the daughters and heiresses of Edward IV., who reigned from 1461 to 1483.

It was acquired by Henry VIII. in 1511, and in 1536 he granted it to Jane Seymour as part of her marriage portion. We find in the archives of the period the statement: "And all that, our manor of Fynmer, etc., lands tenements and hereditaments, by us lately given granted and assigned to Johanna, late Queen of England for the term of her life as parcel of her dower and jointure, and the advowson . . . and right of patronage of the Rectory and parochial Church of Fynmer in our said County of Oxford."

"Fynmer" Manor was later settled on his wife, Catherine Howard.

Here there came in a very special link with the present owners, and it became specially interesting to the Gresham professor, instituted to that Elizabethan professorship, as he was, by the City of London Corporation and the Mercers' Company, to

find that the manor of Finmere had been acquired by John Blundell, citizen, and Warden of the Honourable Company of Mercers, in the year 1549. He married Alice, daughter of Sir Alexander Avelon. Their daughter, Elizabeth, married Edmund Hogan, who was admitted in 1557, after an apprenticeship to Sir Thomas Gresham, and afterwards, in 1581, became Warden of the Mercers' Company. This worthy, out of respect to Sir Thomas, called his two sons "Thomas" and "Gresham."

We read: "Thomas Hogan, their son and heir, dyed issueless, leaving two daughters, then in ward to the King, in regard that the manor of Fynmere is holden in capite by service."

Gresham Hogan's daughter Elizabeth married Francis Bacon, serjeant-at-law, of Bacon's House, near Finmere (since destroyed).

Sir Thomas Gresham's daughter, Anne, married Sir Nathaniel Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, and brother of the great Lord Bacon.

Hogan James, a later owner, occupied Finmere House in 1718, and was succeeded by Mrs. Frances James, who built the south front in 1739 in the Queen Anne style of architecture. The arms of the Hogans can be seen in one of the rooms.

The Rev. Richard Horn, a scholar, and a careful observer of the chief events of his time, was Rector of Finmere for forty-five years, from 1632, during the eventful seventeenth century, with a notable break, which he thus describes in Latin in his parish book: "A horrid war had now broken out, and among arms the Chronicles are silent. I have fared

badly, having been driven from home by force of arms, and am being now sacrificed to a paltry (literally 'three-halfpenny') fellow, Richard Warr, minister. He, dreadful to me, the former unhappy Rector, flourishes." In 1662 we find this note: "Sine militis usu." This may refer to the disbanding by Charles II. of the Parliamentary army and Mr. Horn's restoration to his office.

We read of a course of lectures given at Finmere Church in 1762 to young persons "On the Holy Scriptures the Best Teacher of Good Manners and Civility," by the then Rector.

The last trace of Church discipline in Finmere in the matter of penance occurred in 1792, when Mary Makepace, after having been taken to the Bishop's Court at Oxford at a cost to the parish of £2 19s. 6d., and found guilty, was on her return home "directed to do public penance in her Parish Church." And the parish was charged with one shilling for a "sheet" (or veil) in which she performed this penance.

Dean Burgon, brother professor at Gresham College with Professor Symes-Thompson for many years, was curate at Finmere under the Rev. W. Jocelyn Palmer in 1851. He left a graphic retrospect of his Rector's forty years of faithful care of his people from 1814 to 1853. So seriously did he teach them to live up to their holy faith that when a person had, "in defiance of his admonition," persisted in listening to an itinerant ranting preacher under the Cross-Tree, "he had interdicted her from presenting herself at the Holy Communion for a year."

Some of the older inhabitants remember the stocks which used to stand under the tree on the small village green.

The " Pancake Bell " is still rung on the morning of Shrove Tuesday, and the Curfew bell is still rung from October till April.*

Though little of the ancient house now remains, the older part of it is very old. Large oak beams in the low ceilings, plenty of ups and downs, a wall five feet thick, and an old cellar with Tudor windows, together with beautiful wood-panelling covering the walls of the principal sitting-rooms and bedrooms, take us back far into the past. Old fireplaces and chimney corners, an inner wall five feet thick, and a quaint terraced drive up to the front-door, give it an ancient and homely look. Opposite that side of the house, which is covered with virginian creeper in the autumn, there is a big arch, with rooms over, leading to the stable-yard, with its fifteen loose-boxes, kennels, and other appurtenances. These make the house, which is in the centre of the Bicester hunt, a charming spot during the hunting season. And it is no less pleasant in summer.

You can choose three doors in the old red-brick wall by which to enter the sweet-scented garden. You first come to a wide wall, then beyond a few

* Part of the information here given is preserved in a volume called the " History of Finmere, Oxon," compiled by J. C. Blomfield, M.A., Rector of Launton and Rural Dean in 1886, which was dedicated to Mrs. Seymour Ashwell, who contributed the sketches which illustrate it. Sir H. Maxwell Lyte, of the Public Record Office, and Sir John Watney, clerk to the Mercers' Company, have kindly contributed the rest of it.

trees are the lawn-tennis and croquet courts, ending in a rose-crowned pergola. On the left, passing through a thick shrubbery, and over another lawn where our school-children have their summer treats, you come to a belt of Scotch pines with a rookery, and, passing the old yew-hedge, you wander about the kitchen-garden through herbaceous borders, and walk on closely-mown turf in all directions. You will find flowering plants and graceful creepers in the greenhouse.

> "The lilies say, 'Behold how we
> Preach without words of purity.'
> The violets whisper in the shade,
> Which their own leaves have made."

If you come in spring, "your heart with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils"!

At other times of the year there are strawberries, or grapes in the hothouses further on. Shirley poppies, ferns from Devonshire, and other plants, with fond memories of the places they come from and the dear ones who gave them, revel in the good soil of Finmere. Wyatt, the gardener, takes a delight in keeping the old garden beautiful, whether its owners are present or not. The paddock, with a cow or two and a little donkey, with quantities of hens and chickens, come next; also the four cottages, one of which is sometimes let to friends who want a "nutshell" to live in for a while. The beautiful little church and the Rectory are not more than five minutes' walk from the house, which stands in the village. There is no dissenting meeting to mar the

harmony, and all in Finmere seems to take us back to the good old times when the little girls wore scarlet cloaks, and the boys little smocks all made in school. We are reminded that the late Dean Burgon, forty years ago priest-in-charge, used to send gifts for the poor to the old schoolmistress, who was fifty-three years in office and is still living —the dearest old woman in the world, with a memory which would put to shame that of most modern sages! This old lady, Mrs. Sarah Davis, knows the birthday of everybody in the village, and can tell each one more than he can remember himself of the chief events of their quiet lives. Though now lying on her bed, unable any longer to get about, she told us that she was "so busy, always busy," and when we said: "What are you busy doing?" she replied, with a radiant smile lighting up her dear old face: "Why, I have hundreds of my old scholars to think of, and I am always travelling to the various places where they are, and asking God to bless them and make them love Him more. Why, I travelled this morning to America, then to Africa; and to-morrow I am going to think of two of them that are gone to India. Yes, I have my scholars all over the world, and I love them all." This dear woman taught the grandfathers of present children to knit their own socks, and several of them are doing so still.

Finmere has its lace-makers. One who lately died made beautiful Valenciennes lace. She married her second husband so long ago that when asked the name of her first she slowly shook her head,

then gravely replied: "Well, I can't rightly remember; but I'll find out for you."

Another, Mrs. Neal, sat for hours daily over an exquisite flounce, which requires 300 bobbins, proud to think it was to be worn by the Queen at her Coronation. She was much excited when "a man from one of them daily papers come along to see me, and said he wanted to take my photograft, and I was to be working at my lace. I said: 'No, you shall not do it. I know well enough it's not my ugly old phiz you want to take. You want the pattern of my lace. But it ain't mine to give you; the "pairchment" belongs to the Bucks Lace Association.'"

Then we have our sturdy, God-fearing, church-going farmers, time-honoured names in our country-side—Leppers, Barretts, Tredwells, and our early rising tenants, the Cotterells, loyal supporters of the Primrose League, whose farm we pass through in the pretty field walk to Finmere Station. Then we have an excellent carpenter, and a band of stalwart labourers who all sit near together at church, and sing the chants and hymns grandly in unison.

But I have not told of our late Rector, the Rev. Seymour Ashwell, who carved with his own hands the pulpit, reredos, choir-seats, and other things in the church; or of his family, who work so hard in the parish; or of our present Rector, the Rev. Henry W. Trower, who wrote of my husband, his churchwarden:

"I never can be sufficiently thankful for his example amongst us, and I know in many cases how it had its

effect and bore fruit. 'Fideliter' does express that particular side of his life!"

Finmere was a joy to us both, and to our sons and daughters, and though its brightest light is put out, fond memories will in the time to come still people every room in the house and every glade in the garden. As Keats said:

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases. It will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

He was far younger than his years in mind as well as in body; always more ready than anyone else to engage in any proposed expedition or call of duty which involved activity and promptness. He had a keen and delicious sense of humour, which understood every joke, and delighted in a racy anecdote. We often saw him laughing to himself over a good story; and he enjoyed a novel the more, he said, because he had not time to read many. In the words of Matthew Arnold, "His brow was smooth, and his clear laugh came ringing through the gloom!"

Yes, the words of Matthew Arnold express the exhilarating breeziness and entire absence of dullness which every one felt in his presence.

"Murmur of Living!
Stir of existence!
Soul of the world!
Only the living can feel you,
But leave us not while we live."

The little picture which appears at the beginning of this chapter shows the garden side of the house, with its additions made in 1739, and the further additions which we made in 1902 of a billiard-room and some additional bedrooms. We spent our Easter, Whitsuntide, and autumn holidays there, and during that time my picture-loving husband was constantly bringing down beautiful old prints which he had chosen out of his many portfolios, or water-colours by Jackson and other artists, and which he had had framed "for Finmere." He also, during the last ten years of life, took up beautiful book-binding as a sort of hobby, and had several valuable old editions bound, besides relieving his town-house of some of its many books to fill the capacious book-shelves at Finmere. He loved little animals, birds, and plants, and had a whole shelf of charming and readable scientific books there about them and their evolution, their manners and customs. Some of the books he most enjoyed were those of Sir John Lubbock; Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee"; "Studies in Fossil Botany," by Scott; "Freaks and Marvels of Plant-Life," by M. C. Cooke; "The Ministry of Nature," by Hugh Macmillan; "Bird Life and Bird Love," by Bosworth Smith; "Birds of Our Islands," by F. A. Fulcher; "Flashlights on Nature," by Grant Allen; "Flowers of the Field," by Johns; and "Wood and Garden," by Jekyll. When he saw in the garden the trunks of the pine-trees getting crimson from the reflected glory of the sunset, he always rushed up to a west bedroom or stood on the roof of the house, to watch

its changing glories. And he loved to gather flowers and sweet branching sprays of foliage from garden or hedgerow, and arranged them more lightly and gracefully than anyone else, being specially careful to put them at once into water. If he saw the water was getting low in any vase, he could not imagine how people could be so "unfeeling, so cruel, as to let a flower die." And he brought an exquisitely arranged little bunch of flowers whenever he was at Finmere every morning and put it on his wife's place at the breakfast-table. She had to go to Homburg in 1899 in consequence of rheumatism; but, fortunately, this necessary separation, almost for the first time, never had to be repeated, the treatment having proved a complete success. Our intensely interesting visit in 1901 to Algiers, the desert, Biskra, and the baths of Hammam Meskoutine, with our daughter Lilian, prevented a recurrence, and we basked in sunshine and winter warmth instead of having a cold January in town. It was while in Algiers that we heard of the death of our dear and venerable Queen, and saw the deep feeling of grief which sent every man and woman in the hotels into mourning within three days of the news.

We reached home that year on February 8. The last spot we visited in North Africa before sailing from Bona was the grand church dedicated to St. Augustine, whose altar was adorned with hundreds of votive offerings of real flowers.

That year very valuable courses of lectures were delivered at one of the Medical Societies and at Gresham College on the climate of Algiers by the Professor.

On March 19, 1902, our daughter Margaret was confirmed at Sonning Church, where her godfather, Canon Holmes, was Rector. On June 19 I attended the first or second Court of Edward VII.; but we spent June 26, the day of his deferred Coronation, at Finmere, to share in the great feasts and sports there. That year was an eventful one in our family, as our youngest son, Cholmeley, came of age on April 16, and our elder daughter was married on April 22.

And it was also in 1902 that we had the comfort of receiving our son Howard (R.H.A.) home in health after three years at the South African War, and gave a dinner to all the farmers and their families, and an entertainment afterwards to the whole village of Finmere on the occasion.

We spent a fortnight in the winters of 1903 and 1904 at Adelboden. In the latter year all our four sons, one younger daughter, and her future husband, were with us. A more healthful and enjoyable winter place could hardly be found, with its many mountain walks. It has an enormous skating-rink for experts and a smaller one for beginners, and also for hockey and curling. Ski-ing and tobogganning are of course to be found everywhere now in the Alps.

In the year 1904, on April 2, was born our eldest grand-daughter, Betty, who came to Finmere with her parents for her baptism on May 6. Our second girl was presented on May 13, and we took her and our future daughter-in-law, Brenda Juta, to the Cambridge "May week," which was much saddened at the last by the news of the death of my husband's

eldest sister, Gertrude Kempthorne. We stayed on and received some of the mourners at our hotel for the funeral. Her dear body was brought to Cambridge and laid beside that of her husband in Trumpington Churchyard. Edmund felt her loss very much indeed, and showed little of his usual joyousness, though he knew she was in the holy land not very far off. But when the time again came round for our August visit to Finmere, the sweet country air and freedom from work restored him completely, and he entered with zest into his son's cricket week there—the home team being the "Butterflies"—the first match, *v.* Bucks Club and Ground, at Aylesbury, and the second at Buckingham. That autumn the rebuilding of the next house to ours in Cavendish Square caused great discomfort and professional inconvenience, but Edmund's calm, perfectly balanced mind rose above these trials, and we noticed no signs of failing health or vigour.

A day or two at Finmere generally set him up. He was always a restful companion, yet his life there was not one of "rest" as it is generally understood. He always said that change of occupation was rest, and a far better rest than doing nothing. His "heart-affluence in discursive talk," even while making a mountain ascent in Switzerland, made his friends feel something of what the President of the Royal College of Physicians said in his appreciation of him:

"Of a restlessly active temperament, he was an indefatigable pedestrian. A well-informed man, and very apt in conversation, he excelled at social functions, his mind

glancing easily from subject to subject. His reflex of association being ever hyper-sensitive, it required a considerable degree of mental agility to keep pace with him. He was a most facile lecturer, and could bring down the most abstruse medical problems to the interested intelligence of his Gresham audiences."

In a volume of "Essays on Locke and Sydenham, with Other Occasional Papers," by Dr. John Brown, one of his King's College prizes, there is a story he was very fond of. "Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask you what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. "With brains, sir," was the gruff reply. And when one thinks of the "more than the average intellect, energy, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, 'presence of mind,' that is required of those who practise the noble and sacred science of medicine," and especially of those who, in addition, labour to make difficult subjects easy, helpful, and interesting to non-scientific audiences, one can hardly wonder that the "brains" with which the "colours" are so beautifully mixed at length become overworked, like the arteries which have to supply them, and that a sudden break-down is too often the result. "Why don't you rest sometimes?" is often said by loving relations. But, alas! they often get such an answer as Arnauld, the friend of Pascal, gave: "Rest! Why should I rest here? Haven't I an eternity to rest in?"

The following is from the pen of a medical friend of many years, to whose comfortable house on the

Malvern Hills Dr. Symes-Thompson often sent patients for baths, diet, medical skill, and cultured companionship. The writer, Charles Grindrod, said:

"It is so long since I became acquainted with Symes-Thompson that to fix the date when I first met him seems impossible—as impossible as to believe that his friendship is now lost to me. I think he was the best and most reliable friend I ever had. Among his many fine qualities, perhaps the most striking, because rare, was the combination of almost feminine gentleness of manner with strong steadfastness of purpose. So winning was his manner that some shallow people who did not know him wondered if all were true which lay beneath this pleasant outward show. None who knew him ever doubted it, or that under every kind word he spoke lay a kind deed waiting to be done. I remember when my father was dangerously ill, and I wanted help, Symes-Thompson was my only consultant friend who responded to my appeal, and came down to comfort and advise, not once, but several times. So was he in all things and at all times; never cold-hearted or selfish, a friend in the best sense; one who realized, if any ever did, that rather cant phrase 'a Christian gentleman.' The thoughtful care to avoid giving pain to others and the regulation of action by religious principle were the beacon-lights of Symes-Thompson's life. No man is consistent; but he was as near consistency as any man I have ever known. If I, or probably anyone else who knew him, were asked to give his chief characteristic, I think it would be *sympathy*. It was this that gave him his quick view of disease, or, rather, of the neurotic springs which lie beneath and play upon so many bodily disorders. It certainly won the confidence of patients,

and that was a stepping-stone to their treatment. Many of his patients over a period of more than thirty years were known to me, and I cannot remember one who did not speak of him as a friend as well as a physician.

"In body he was of a slight build, but alert and energetic. Mentally he was alert also, but thoughtful, and not content with the surface of things. Hence his religious belief as well as his regard for science was not a light cloak carelessly put on.

"A man may sometimes, though not always, be best judged by seeing him at home. There Symes-Thompson shone with special brightness, and the darkness he has left behind will not soon be cleared. What his loss is to his own family can be faintly gauged by the regret of his ordinary friends. I myself, when I can think of him as gone, which is not always, suffer no common regret; and I never pass the well-remembered house in Cavendish Square without feeling that if I go in I must surely find him there, must surely see again the kind face that so often smiled a welcome in the past. At least, having his faith in the future, I comfort myself with the hope that some day I may be allowed to see him again, and that the empty room will be retenanted.

"Dear Heart, though thou hast left us on Life's shore,
From thy new home this message comes and cheers
Our grief—that in the Heaven where thou dost dwell
All that is purest, holiest, most divine,
All that thy soul most longed for will be thine;
And therefore not for thee we shed sad tears.

"CHARLES GRINDROD."

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST TWO YEARS ON EARTH

"That Heavenly Gardener has come down into His garden, and gathered our sweetest flower. He has transplanted it into that brighter and happier garden where He daily walks, where there is no frost to nip, and no cold wind to wither."

J. M. NEALE.

"God's will be done! Your most dear one could ill be spared; for seldom in a lifetime does one meet such singleness of heart, so accomplished, genial, and sincere a friend; such a truly noble man of God."—*Part of a letter reeeived from* Dr. WILLIAM MAVOR.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST TWO YEARS ON EARTH

"For the present we have to pray that each day may bring its strength for its burden, its lamp for its gloom."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

AT Eastertide, 1904, my husband had the great pleasure of seeing Poundsford Park again, where he had spent so many Easters with his uncle when a boy. The Bishop of Manchester, when he resigned his See, went to live there, and he and Mrs. Moorhouse invited us, with our eldest son and our youngest daughter, to stay with them. As we wandered about the fascinating Tudor House, how many stories their father had to tell, about boyish escapades and amusing youthful adventures there! And he also had stored up in his memory the history of the beautiful old house, and the meaning of its stained-glass windows and their heraldry. The meals there seemed never to come to an end, host and guest being inspired by each other into conversations on topics which required treating at great length.

We spent part of January, 1905, at the Caux Palace Hotel above Montreux. It was very smart

and luxurious. There was, however, a poor skating-rink and only two walks, one up and one down, used much for bob-sleighing and tobogganing, so we had to take walks knee-deep in snow through pathless wastes, to Les Avants, the Rochers de Naye, and elsewhere, to get away from the crowd. Nevertheless, the view of the great Lake of Geneva below, and the mountains beyond, was idyllic, and the charms of the place were manifold.

One June 26 the little granddaughter, Helen Mary Lewis, was born. Seldom did a day pass that year without a visit being paid directly after breakfast to our daughter Lilian by her beloved father. On June 27 we gave a garden-party in the Cavendish Square garden by permission of the other inhabitants. Our son had a coach at Lord's at the Oxford and Cambridge match, and it was a busy season. At Easter and in August we had large house-parties at Finmere, and on July 26 we stayed with Mrs. Ellis at Leicester for the British Medical Association meeting. Later in the autumn I had a bad attack of pleurisy, from which I recovered only just in time to enable us to take our usual trip with H., C., M., and A. P. to Le Pont, a place we greatly loved. On our arrival we saw spread out before us a beautiful lake five miles long, covered with clear black ice. Dr. Symes-Thompson, who had not put on skates for two years, accomplished the ten miles to the other end of the lake and back with a party of friends without the slightest fatigue, showing the way and giving the pace to the others. We reached home early in January, 1906.

Dr. Symes-Thompson wrote many letters to his son Frank, who was in South Africa. One characteristic note may serve to show his interest in his son's talent for modelling. It speaks of a statuette he made of his elder brother in a cricketing attitude:

"*May* 11, 1906.

"DEAR OLD FRANK,

"An accident has happened to the bat in the model of Harry. I have asked a man who made a pedestal for Dr. Todd's bust to come and cure the wounded bat! We wish to have everything in the house in 'apple-pie order' for our Meggie's wedding (May 29). She and her mother are busy shopping. The wedding presents pour in, at least a dozen a day, and M. is 'extended' in writing letters of thanks. Every one is asking after you and your Grahamstown work. We hear so much now about the difficulties in Natal. Ewing dined here yesterday. He is pleased with the progress of Nyassa Land and his East African Province. We have bought and paid for the two farms at Finmere.

"Your truly loving

"FATHER."

In another letter (May 3) he wrote:

"I met three of your Ellesborough friends in the train yesterday. Ellesborough Church looked well in the morning light. Mother and M. are returning from Finmere to-day, leaving L. and her chicks for another week or two. Betty is still sadly. . . . I hope the Finmere farms will prove a pleasure and not a care. Boxall is very keen, helpful, and kind, as usual. . . . I have got a prolongation of the lease of Cavendish Square to forty years. More details of your work will always greatly interest us. Do you think the interpreter really conveys

your meaning to the congregation? It is wonderful that you should already be able to say some of the service in their own language. . . . We went to-day to see Meg's future house, 58, Inverness Terrace. Warm love.

"From your ever loving

"FATHER."

Again to Finmere, whenever he could spare a Sunday, to see the garden putting forth its spring glories of colour and of scent. How he loved the violet! whether he found the big Neapolitan in frames or the dark purple one hidden among its leaves in the garden.

"God does not give us *new* flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same dear faces;
The Violet is here!"

Early in 1906 he was asked to be a Justice of the Peace for the County of Oxfordshire. He accepted this office with manifest pleasure, but when the time came to take the oath at Oxford he did not feel well enough to go. His brain worked so quickly that the hand had difficulty in keeping up with it; besides, he often wrote against time, as his letters seemed to increase daily. His correspondents frequently "chaffed" him about their inability to read his writing without much time and trouble.

He was once in his consulting-room scribbling a short note, and he jokingly said to his cousin Alice: "I find I can't write a *letter* in less than a minute, but one of these scraps only takes half a minute!" To which she retorted: "But it takes more than half a minute to read them." Whereupon he shook

his fist at her in his playful way, and said: "We must give our country cousins something to do!"

Here I will add a note from his dear friend, R. Bosworth Smith, of Harrow, and later of Bingham's Melcombe, whose book "Bird Life and Bird Lore" was a favourite one with him.

Mr. Bosworth Smith wrote on November 26, 1906:

"Dr. Symes-Thompson I always thought a very able and a most good man. He was a true friend to me. There is something to my mind unspeakably pathetic in the death of one who has done so much by unwearied care to ward off death from so many, or to soothe their last moments. I cannot think there is anyone to whom the welcome, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant,' will more emphatically and more justly be given."

As he advanced in life, Edmund became more than ever convinced that the "science of life is the highest of sciences." He valued Russell Reynolds's "Address on Medicine" given at the forty-second meeting of the British Medical Association held in Norwich, 1874, on "Speciality of Powers and Ailments in Human Life," which pointed out that manifold agencies, of which at present we know little or nothing, increase or weaken our life-force. "A patient is urged to disregard such warnings as a deep unrest, or a failing power felt by him. Because his physician finds all his bodily organs in fair order, he is told to go in peace. He is urged to disregard these warnings, does disregard them; but they come from life's centre, and some terrible break-down occurs. So the physician often goes in his own sufferings to someone who knows him well, and has

known him long, and while desiring to profit by the last generalization of the latest writer on his peculiar malady, prefers not to lose the wisdom and experience of the older friend."

He was an illustration of a favourable diagnosis in his own case, when years ago he consulted Sir Andrew Clark on a distressing nerve pain which he could not get rid of, and he often quoted the wise advice he received: "Give yourself a little more rest. Take no notice of the pain. It will die of neglect." And so it did, that time. But oh that he had remembered the *first* part of Sir Andrew's advice, and had not disregarded the warnings which Nature gave him in the autumn of 1906, when his buoyant spirit made him consult no one, and became more unconquerably hard-working than ever.

There is an at present unknown law of various and wonderful potentiality in human life, by which all things, visible and invisible, are brought into splendid unity, just as there is "a world of life within a raindrop sphere."

In the year before his departure, we read together a book called "Studies of the Soul," by the Rev. J. Brierley. It was given him by my brother, H. G. Watkins, of Lilliput House, Parkstone, who spent a life of singular brightness, notwithstanding the disability of delicate health, and was endowed with a wit, which made every letter received from him "one that *must* be kept." I think the thoughts contained in that little book appealed to our beloved follower of St. Luke, especially certain chapters in it which dealt with the depths of possibility hidden

deep down in the hearts of certain people, who in his own words "kept their life and their religion in water-tight compartments, and never seemed able to blend them for use!"

He had had so many talks with men who seemed to be "religiously ungifted," and so often found in them the strongest religious feeling quite unrecognized, gems not as yet dug out from the mine. He seemed to have the power in private talk of drawing out people, by entering more deeply than usual into matters generally treated superficially.

> "The stern were mild when thou wert by!
> The flippant put himself to school,
> And heard thee. And the brazen fool
> Was softened, and he knew not why."

He felt with Mr. Brierley, that "our race is on the way to a higher altitude and a more advanced spiritual development, where the secret yearnings of the soul shall find as clear a scientific sanction as they will, a full inward realization." He frequently said that the two kingdoms of matter and spirit intersect each other at every point.

He gained very much in this direction from his friendship with the late Lord Kelvin, who was his ideal of the humble yet learned thinker. Perhaps he has now met again that devout and Christian man of science, who asked for and valued his opinions here, and whose body now rests among the honoured dead in Westminster Abbey.

> "And doubtless unto them is given
> A life that bears immortal fruit
> In those great offices that suit
> The full-grown energies of Heaven."

As showing a prophetic insight into what was to come even during his own life, in scientific advance, a letter written to his fiancée as long ago as 1872 is interesting and characteristic:

"I got away from the Council meeting of the Medical Society of London to hear Tyndall give a most interesting lecture at the Royal Institution on 'The Identity of Light and Radiant Heat.' His experiments were splendid. It was like feeling Nature's pulse (to use a medical simile), and made me feel more than I have done for long what will be the glory and delight of enlarged perceptions untrammelled by the limitations of our present organs of comprehension and perception. But how do you think he ended? After showing us further how to resolve the mysteries than had previously been done, he concluded thus: 'The actual relations of these phenomena will be *for ever* unknown!' Now, I wonder what business he has to say that? How infinitely more true to encourage us to feel after, if haply we may find them! God is not far in His workings from any one of us, and we shall surely find Him soon; not, perhaps, before, but at any rate after our 'expansion,' when we no longer 'see through a glass darkly,' but 'shall know as we are known.'"

He delivered courses of lectures at Gresham College in January, 1906, and also in April. On March 5 my only brother, just referred to, died, eleven days after being present at the marriage of his son. Then there was terrible anxiety from that day for three months while watching a brother-in-law through a dangerous operation, from which he, thank God, completely recovered. And the death of an aged uncle, Charles H. Bousfield, a large

benefactor to all religious charities, occurred the same spring.

Then the thought of parting from our only remaining daughter, who was regarded by most of our friends as still in her bright, merry childhood, was a great trial. The marriage was a very happy one, and took place on Tuesday, May 29. Her father was the life and soul of the large party which gathered at Cavendish Square on that eventful day.

After this we tried to cheer ourselves by a visit to our always hospitable friends, the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Cooke, at Aldenham School. On June 28 I presented both my daughters after their marriage. At every function, the head of the family was ever the brightest and cheeriest of all.

We had a family gathering at Finmere on our thirty-fourth wedding anniversary, July 25. No shadow, no cloud, even so big as a man's hand, then darkened our horizon. On August 4, we had a large garden-party there, with a few competitions which amused everybody. On August 7, it gave my husband immense pleasure to see two sons and a daughter come back with prizes from a lawn-tennis tournament at our Croughton Club. On August 8 he went up to town gaily to see morning patients and to perform his duties at the insurance office; this was followed by an important committee meeting about the Ealing College. He came back tired to Finmere.

On August 10 (Friday), various snapshots were taken in the garden of our large, happy family party, consisting of three sons, two sons-in-law, two daughters, two grandchildren, four friends, and my

husband's brother, Rev. A. S. Thompson (who took the services the following Sunday at Finmere Church). That afternoon some of us drove to a garden-party three miles off. The ever-active doctor would insist on walking part of the way home. When strolling about in the garden afterwards, the first sign of his beginning illness showed itself when he turned to me with one of his brightest smiles, and said: "I can't remember the names of the flowers." I begged him to go and lie down, saying he must be tired; but nothing would induce him to rest, though after dinner he lay on the sofa and slept the whole of the evening—a rest which we hoped would completely restore him.

He seemed quite well again the next day, and would not rest. On Sunday he said he was rather tired, and for almost the first time in his life said he did not feel well enough to go to church, so we walked about a little in the garden, and he enjoyed its peace.

On the two following days he took drives and short, pleasant walks, though not quite in his usual health. We did our utmost to persuade him not to go to town, on Wednesday, August 15. But his energy, and the fact that he had made various appointments in town overcame prudence, and on that fateful day (when he started saying he hoped to be back in time to see the end of a school-treat we gave that afternoon) he had the attack from which he never recovered.

The following account of the illness is based upon information supplied by Dr. H. E. Symes-Thompson:

From the time he began to spend his autumn holiday at his country-house at Finmere the break from work was not so complete as before, as he formed the habit of

going to London for the day on Wednesdays. On these occasions he often did much professional work at high pressure. He enjoyed these jaunts to London, and it was not till 1906 that he became conscious that they caused him undue wear and tear. He had only paid three of these weekly visits to London, but they were not accomplished with the same reserve force as in former years. On two Wednesdays he asked for a glass of wine in the middle of the morning, a most unusual action on his part. About this time he complained of some loss of memory, particularly of the names of flowers.

This proved to be the first indication of what was to be his fatal illness, and on the following week, when in London, the break-down occurred. With characteristic energy he had walked from Marylebone Station to Cavendish Square, calling on his daughter in Weymouth Street *en route*. But this journey caused unusual fatigue, and he was unable to concentrate his mind sufficiently to see his patients that morning. He went to bed, and in a few hours felt *himself* again, though definite paralysis of the right side of the face was present from this date. He travelled back to Finmere the following day, but the hopes entertained were not realized.

Thrombosis took place in the central nervous system, and evidences of a general arterial degeneration accumulated. The patient went slowly and continuously downhill. His power to express his thoughts was gradually lost, and he became unable to originate any conversation, his vocabulary becoming progressively less. But he recognized and rejoiced in seeing his children and his nearest relations, and could answer questions and carry on conversation.

On October 4 he was with every possible care removed to Cavendish Square, and there paralysis of the right side of the body became almost complete, and there was progressive general weakness and wasting. So his powers gradually and almost imperceptibly diminished, and he

passed away on November 24, three months after the onset of the illness. The bright sympathy of his smile continued almost to the end, and he had no pain.

Throughout his trying illness he had occasional visits from some of his dearest friends. He saw much of his children and grandchildren, and always received them with winning, welcoming kisses. But it was not thought advisable for him to see many visitors, and one day he said: "My thoughts must all be *sacred* ones." When told of his illness, our friend, Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester, wrote:

"I am so deeply grieved by the news of your great trouble. It came upon me as a great shock, for I had heard no rumour of it. Your husband's life has been so valuable and beneficent, that the thought of his serious illness pains me to the heart. I shall indeed pray for him. Anything I can do for Frank shall be gladly done. My affection for him is very strong and true."

Another letter received during his illness from the Bishop of Durham I have permission to quote:

"I do believe in the reality of answers to prayer. I do and will pray very earnestly that the life so unspeakably precious to you, and so dear to countless people far beyond the nearest circle, may be spared to you. How can *we* ever say adequately what we feel of Dr. Symes-Thompson's Christian love, and deep tender sympathy when our beloved one, now in Heavenly rest, was taken to him by her mother, and watched over by him so long?"

One could not but think of the words of Byron, "Between two worlds life hovers," when human

skill—that of his son and of Dr. Risien Russell and Dr. James Taylor—was powerless.

Occasionally our dear invalid seemed better able to say things, especially in the early morning. Once he surprised us when his son Howard came after an absence, and had loving words and inquiries about military matters; and he was deeply interested in his son Frank's engagement, and sent messages of love. When we sang hymns he seemed to join, and began "Saviour, blessed Saviour" by himself. He folded his hands reverently during the clerical ministrations of his brother, his nephew the Rev. J. Hampden Thompson, and his Rector, and received the Holy Eucharist very thankfully.

It is one of God's mysteries, and a sorrow to those who so tenderly watched over him during what he must have known to be his last days on earth, that he—who throughout a long and holy life had never failed to comfort and cheer those who tended their dear ones committed to his care—was during the last three weeks of his own illness debarred from saying words of faith and hope and love to his own nearest and dearest.

But his loving eyes looking at us and seeming to thank us for every little act of affection, his dear left hand ever able to respond to gentle pressure, and his never-failing patience and peace, will always live in our memories as a blessed and ever-present possession. We are, perhaps, the better able to thank God that "when this earthly house of his Tabernacle was destroyed," his spirit went to dwell for ever "in the House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

"And we will learn to talk of him, and after many years
The tears that we shall shed for him will not be bitter tears,
When we shall tell each other, with a fond and thankful pride,
In what purity he lived, and in what peacefulness he died."

The first part of the funeral service was held at the Church of St. Peter, Vere Street, and was bright and touching, the beautiful lesson of our Burial Service being read by the Rev. Canon Page-Roberts, whose fine sermons had always been a pleasure to him. There were many notabilities of the profession at the service, including the Presidents of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and representatives of the various public bodies with which he was connected. The large attendance and the profusion of wreaths and crosses fully testified to the loving estimation in which he was held. The Guild of St. Luke was largely represented on the occasion, the Chaplain of the College assisting at the service, in the unavoidable absence of the Warden, the Rev. Canon Newbolt. From St. Peter's the funeral proceeded by the Great Central Railway to Finmere, where he was Churchwarden. Here, surrounded by his immediate relations and friends, the dear body was laid to rest in the beautiful churchyard, where were assembled almost all the men and women and children of Finmere and a great number of neighbouring friends.

A tall cross of red Cornish stone stands in Finmere Churchyard, on which the three words (the motto of the great St. Bernard), "Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter," appear, then his name and age, and the sacred words, "Present with the Lord." After these

come the lines by Faber (which originally referred to Raphael, the Healer of God):

"O thou Spirit of Compassion,
Unto thee God's Heart is given;
For thou lov'st the gift of Healing
Most of all the gifts of Heaven."

The evidence of telepathic communication between sympathetic natures in constant intercourse (whether in the body or out of the body) is strong, and the cases of supposed appearances of our relations and friends, and intercourse with them after they have passed into Paradise, are sufficiently numerous and striking to give us good hope that they are not out of touch with us, and that they are allowed to pray for us and help us, as we certainly may pray for them.

If we will only have faith to believe that they have just passed to a higher stage of life, and are not likely to be allowed to forget those they have only just parted from, who are on the other side, we shall more patiently and cheerfully, though no less longingly, await the time for joining them in the place where they have gone.

When they went down into the valley of the shadow of death their souls only passed, as it were, through a gateway, relieved of the earthly encumbrances and disabilities.

But we say: "It is the dear lost body that we loved." Then surely may not our Lord ask us: "What did we love most in our darlings?" Surely, the beautiful soul which shone through those sympathizing eyes, which spoke with those dear lips that cheering, comforting voice; and if we only

listen we shall surely hear again that voice from the spirit-world helping and inspiring us.

On the day of my husband's funeral one of the mourners was kneeling in her place in church praying earnestly for us. She saw him in a vision suddenly stand at the church door by his wife's side and put his hand on her shoulder; and when all were kneeling in that garden of flowers on and about the shrine which contained that dear dead body, she again had the vision of him looking towards that large congregation, just as he looked in life, full of vitality and comprehending sympathy, as if to say: "You mourn my going away. But you know I am not dead. I am alive for evermore." "Parting has but shown true friends hidden riches, friend to friend more clear revealing."

"O great befriending natures,
Whom God has set about
Our human habitations,
How blank were life without
Your presences inspiring,
Your silent upward call!
Above us, and yet of us,
One Heaven enfolds us all."

Three times I have heard his voice speaking to me in the stillness of the night in his own manner, as if to show that voice had now been restored to him, and it seemed to bring back the words of a modern poet:

"And I who speak from the silence of Death,
With the Voice new-born, of the new-born Breath,
Inspire you here with the Truth Divine,
Which asks no proof, and which needs no sign;

Whereby ye know that Life is not gone
When it passes from us. . . . It passes on.
Uplift your Heart, and look o'erhead!
For those you have lost, be comforted.
Believe it with all your soul and will—
They are able to love, and be loved by you still."

The following words are the latter part of a sermon preached by the Rev. Frank Symes-Thompson, Vicar of Claydon, Banbury, on the anniversary of his father's death, to his village congregation. The text was, "Wisdom from above is first pure, then gentle and easy to be entreated, full of good fruits" (St. James iii. 17):

"'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' The pure in heart! I think of the souls of those who have gone before, those pure souls who have possessed earthly wisdom, yet clung more closely to the Heavenly. I think of the little children, those innocent darlings who have been torn away by the inexorable will of God to live with the heavenly Father beyond the veil. Pure! Yes, untainted by the world, its ambition, and its wisdom; they were wise because they were pure. . . . Then the wisdom from above is 'peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.' I think of the noisy, envious, giddy thoughtless worldlings in office or mart. I think of the strife to be first, the anxious competition, the clash of tongues. Is this true wisdom? . . . Recall to your minds the names of those who have had the wisdom from above.

"My thoughts naturally go back to the twenty-fourth of November, 1906. I was out on the veldt in South Africa, three weeks' journey from my home, when I heard the news that my dear father had passed away in London. What a solemn day that was! and yet not wholly

sorrowful, because I knew that he had 'the wisdom which was from above.' He was a well-known doctor in London, with all the temptations which accompany a busy life to neglect his religion, to forget God.

"But he put God first. What peace there was in his presence! How gentle he was with the weak, the sick, the erring! How easy he was to be entreated! The love of God was with him and in him, and on this anniversary I love to remember, for my own sake, the character of a saint in whose footsteps it behoves us to follow.

"And every one of *you* will remember the passing away of some one who was dear to you—some one you could look up to. You will think of the saintly life to be spoken of at solemn moments, and the saintly example to be followed.

"'Whoso is wise will ponder these things, and he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.' Therefore 'give your hearts to seek and to search out true wisdom concerning all things that are done under Heaven.'"

The Rector of his parish in London (the Rev. F. S. Webster) said of Dr. Symes-Thompson:

"It was a real privilege to come into close contact with him. His presence was always a benediction. There were the sympathy and detachment of a most unselfish nature, and the grace and richness of a really cultured mind.

"The peace of Heaven was on his very countenance, and the conversation was sure to turn to some profitable subject, not by force, but naturally, whenever he was present. His influence on his patients and their families was wonderful. Many of them are mourning for him as they would mourn for a father. No one could know him without being struck by the peculiar happiness, brightness, and selflessness of his disposition."

CHAPTER X

I.—HIS LOVE OF NATURE AND ART
II.—REMINISCENCES OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

"Angelico,
The artist saint, kept smiling in his cell,
The smile with which he welcomed the sweet slow
Inbreak of angels, whitening through the dim,
That he might paint them."

E. B. BROWNING.

"Look at the tender rose, and gold, and violet, the delicate spring colours of Fra Angelico's pictures. Look at the angelic and saintly faces; look at the rapt devotion, radiating outward, as from an inward flame, which pervades the whole canvas, like the atmosphere of Paradise."—DEAN FARRAR.

"See in every hedge-row
Marks of angels' feet;
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER X

I.—HIS LOVE OF NATURE AND ART
II.—REMINISCENCES OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

"Beauty is God's handwriting."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"Among the many good things which most people forget to thank God for, surely pictures rank high. I can scarcely conceive the loss there would be to religion if there were no pictures! . . . What is so delightful about art is, that it generally takes possession of us, and enriches our hearts and minds and characters in so kind and easy a way. Thank God for good pictures."—EDWARD CLIFFORD (*from a memoir of him by Mrs. R. Cholmeley*, 1907).

I

HIS LOVE OF NATURE AND ART

NO one loved good pictures more than Edmund. He felt the fascination of mountain, valley, and woodland so keenly that landscapes were delightful to him. His scientific and light-seeking soul loved the colour and atmosphere of Turner's later canvases, with their glory of "the reflections and refractions of imponderable sun-rays." But the old masters appealed most strongly to his higher nature, and it is impossible to forget the reverential

joy with which he studied the sacred pictures when we visited together the great galleries of Europe, or saw masterpieces of painting and sculpture in the houses of friends.

Very early in life he was appointed Physician to the Artists' Benevolent and Annuity Funds. He was preceded in that office by his father and succeeded by his son. He knew a great many artists both as friends and patients, and met others at the Annual Dinner of the Fund. Some of its members presented to him specimens of their beautiful pictures in recognition of his services, and he helped many an artist by purchasing his works.

Mr. Percy Edsall, secretary of the Artists' Annuity Fund, wrote on January 9, 1907:

"Dr. Symes-Thompson's death was mentioned by our President at the Annual General Meeting of this Society, when I was asked to convey to you a unanimous expression of sympathy. We deeply appreciated the kindly, sympathetic, and unselfish interest which he always evinced, and the noble-hearted generosity with which he hastened to bestow upon those of our members afflicted by illness, the benefits of his great gifts and experience in the healing art. Believe me, he will ever be remembered by all in the Fund with the most affectionate regard and profound respect."

One of these has written, entirely unasked, a short character sketch of him, especially as a Churchman, which gives a better impression of him in this respect than anything given before. In offering it to me, she says:

"My thoughts come straight from the heart of one who valued 'the beloved physician' with true affection. I should like some day to tell you far more of all his goodness to me."

II.

REMINISCENCES OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

Having been for many years a patient of the late Dr. Edmund Symes-Thompson, I am anxious to express my appreciation of the beauty of his character, life, and work.

My first introduction to him was in 1874, when he examined me (a young, enthusiastic landscape-painter) as a candidate for the Artists' Annuity Fund. Dr. Symes-Thompson was then in the prime of life, full of energy and activity, in stature rather tall and thin, in manner most gracious, courteous, and kind. He possessed great strength of character, and was inspired with a reverent, religious, affectionate, calm spirit; his firm, decisive mouth had a sweet smile, his countenance was bright and happy, with an intent expression which in later years he never lost, but which gave the impression that *thoroughness* was his aim and motto. I could not imagine his half doing anything he took in hand, or delaying the doing of it, but knew that whatever he engaged to do would be done with all his mental and physical power.

As a member of the Artists' Annuity Fund, I was informed that I was privileged to obtain his medical advice; this he gave me with unfailing kindness and

readiness (from time to time) for over thirty years, often, when I expressed my gratitude, assuring me it had been such a pleasure to have seen me. What particularly struck me was that he never varied, but ever gave me the same warm, sympathetic welcome. Of one thing I ever felt sure—namely, that he would always tell me the whole and perfect truth about my physical condition, and this I proved to be the case when he took me for consultation to an eminent surgeon.

To go to Dr. Symes-Thompson for advice when sick or sad, was like drawing near to a fire on a winter day, and one left his presence having gained something good for soul as well as for body. His talents as a physician need no words from me; they are well known and rightly valued. To him the human body was a sacred thing, created for eternity, and, as such, he treated it with Christ-like sympathy and tenderness. In the sick-room he was bright and yet serious.

When his patients were near death he told them of it in a natural, simple way, believing that the knowledge of what they might expect was productive of peace and tranquillity of mind rather than distress and alarm. He spoke hopefully of future discovery of remedies, saying: "I suppose there will be found an antidote for every disease. It would be good if one could hope for the same with regard to spiritual diseases." Surely he must have had in mind "the leaves of the Tree" which "were for the healing of the nations" (Rev. xxii. 2). He appeared to work ever relying on Higher Power for

skill and guidance. Religion and his work were linked together. The former he spoke of with marked reverence and perfect ease, as though a subject often before his mind.

Well do I recall the holy joy which lit up his face when, as Provost of the Guild of St. Luke, he was present at an Anniversary Service held at St. Paul's.

Medical Missions were dear to him, and he expressed a wish that more men would offer their lives for the work.

Dr. Symes-Thompson was a reverent seeker of religious and scientific knowledge. He said he thought one ought not to be afraid of inquiry, and on one occasion asked: "If I could have but *one*, which would I choose, the truth, or the power to seek for truth?" I replied: "The truth, as in search of truth one might fail to find that which *was* truth." With this he agreed; also he agreed with me that Christianity would be nowhere if we let go of our faith in the doctrine of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection.

His love for souls naturally made him sympathize with the use of prayers for the Departed. He also believed in the benefit of fasting, but thought it would have been better had the Church prescribed several short Fasts instead of the long Lenten Fast of forty days. He told a patient who was careless of her health that the best Lenten resolution *she* could make was to take proper care of her body.

The physician's intense realization of the continual Presence of God seemed at one time to hinder his acceptance of the Doctrine of the Real Presence of

Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; he likened it to the reverence which was associated with a sacred spot, such as the place of our Lord's Nativity; but his reverent spirit was not long in grasping the Catholic truth, and when my father passed away a few minutes after receiving his Viaticum, he turned to the Celebrant (the revered and aged Vicar of St. Augustine's, Kilburn), and said: "How very beautiful! One moment in the Veiled Presence, and the next the Veil drawn aside." Gratefully I remember the sympathy in his voice that sad night as he said: "It is so much easier to say, 'Take this cup from me,' than to say, 'Thy Will be done,' isn't it?"

He much desired Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament for the sick and dying, and in an appeal to the Archbishop pleading for it, he mentioned the sudden death of my father as an example, showing the great need of it. He had a wonderful way of softening a sad announcement. This much struck some one present when he had to make me realize that my beloved mother was passing away. He gave a most sympathetic ear to the troubles of others, and, having done so, would draw the mind to brighter things; thus, at such times he would probably have a picture he wanted to be seen and criticized, or the merits of a book to be discussed. In the midst of pressure of work he found time to bestow sympathy. The following letter, which he wrote during the fatal illness of my late Rector, Prebendary F. Hall, is an instance in proof:

"I doubt not that our prayers for your good Rector have been answered in the way that is really best. I sincerely trust that his sufferings are lessened. The sense that he is borne up on the wings of the Holy Dove and upheld by the prayers of the faithful cannot but bring comfort and relief."

His desire was to work in conjunction with the clergy, and in answer to my request that in times of illness my priest should have access to me, he wrote thus:

"Rest assured that I will gladly respect your wish. Pray let me have the pleasure of seeing you whenever you need medical counsel. I am not aware that I have ever desired my patients to refrain from seeing their clerical counsellor. . . ."

He much regretted the want of definite religious and doctrinal knowledge which he discovered in some of the members of the Church of England.

It was singular that at the last Christmas he spent on earth I should have sent him a copy of Rowland Prothero's "Psalms in Human Life," a book fraught with instances of devout persons who passed away with the words "Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit" on their dying lips. In acknowledging the book he wrote, saying:

"I am reading the 'Psalms in Human Life' with much interest. Would that the members of the Guild of St. Luke always said the intercessory Psalms as they should! The Medical Missionary College would not remain so small if our prayers were more earnest."

He once spoke warmly of Dr. Mortimer's "Helps to Meditation," remarking how much the author had

drawn out of various passages of Holy Scripture, especially mentioning the parable of the "Good Samaritan."

Dr. Symes-Thompson was a lover of nature and the beautiful, and had therefore a keen appreciation of art. Flowers were a real joy to him, and he received any gifts of them with genuine pleasure. I once found him delighting in the curious growth and colour of a curly variegated cabbage, which he said might well be mistaken for some rare plant.

This short memoir would be most imperfect without a few words touching on his deep affection for those nearest and dearest to his heart—his devoted wife and children. The latter were the sunshine of his home and his loved companions in his walks. He often spoke of them and of their career with intense interest and delight. It was a great pleasure and satisfaction to him that his eldest son had followed his own profession.

I now come to the closing weeks of a useful and beautiful life. It pleased God to grant His faithful servant an almost painless end, and it may well be regarded as a reward for his tender care of the sick and dying.

What a silent rebuke and example was he to the proud and unbelieving spirit of the age, as he lay peacefully and patiently trusting in God, his scholarly and scientific soul satisfied with the Christian Faith in its fullness and simplicity, his spirit resting on the Atonement wrought by his Incarnate God, devoutly receiving the Food of Immortality, gladly and grate-

fully joining (as far as his strength allowed) in long-loved hymns which were said or sung, saying, "Yes, say that," or beating time to the tune with his hand (A. and M., 27, 176, 305, etc.).

On November 24, 1906, at daybreak "He who turneth the shadow of death into the morning" took him to Himself. Gently he passed away as one of the saints of old; his rest had come, for "the sleep of the labouring man is sweet." Yet doubtless his work for God and man continues within the Veil of Paradise, while he himself draws nearer and nearer light and perfection. Shall I be too fanciful in thinking that, as to the Powers in the nine Angelic Orders is committed control over the forces of Nature, so to him who loved the flowers may be given charge to tend those plants which possess medicinal properties. May I not believe that there are still pillows of the sick and dying which he may be permitted to smooth, and that moral and physical diseases which he sought to cure with every energy of his being may be lessened by his now more powerful prayers, and that departing spirits may be welcomed to Paradise, not only by Angels, but by him who so tenderly received into his presence those whom he could benefit? For surely energy such as his lives on, though under different laws and circumstances.

Doubtless death was to him but the uplifting of a veil 'twixt himself and the God Whom he had loved and served, and Whose abiding Presence had been to him a felt reality and holy joy. On the day he was laid to rest it was said to me by some one with

sweet confidence: "Wherever Paradise is he is there."

His spirit I commend to God. His tired body we leave to rest awhile beneath the shadow of the village church he loved so dearly, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. EDMUND SYMES-THOMPSON.

The kind and loved physician lay
Sick, patient, till at break of day
God called him, and he passed away
To endless peace and rest.

The angels came on wings so white,
His spirit bore to realms of light,
Where flow'rs of Paradise are bright,
And all is peace and rest.

Nearer one step to God is he
Whose presence ever seemed to be,
As though he could His visage see—
Lord, grant him peace and rest.

God gave unto him pow'r and skill
The sick to cure with tireless will,
And still His errands to fulfil
In Paradise the blest.

For God he worked, in God he died,
The God on Whom he e'er relied
For strength, and wisdom, as his guide—
Lord, grant him peace and rest.

His body in God's acre blest,
With psalm and hymn we laid to rest,
Where loving hands in moss-clad nest
Had written, "Peace" and "Rest."

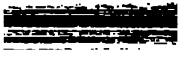
We left him there, as winter sun
Sank slowly down, for day was done;
God's servant, too, his race had run—
Lord, grant him peace and rest!

'Twas twilight yet. A ling'ring ray
Of light on the horizon lay;
So will he in our mem'ries stay—
Lord, grant him peace and rest.

The twilight past, the moon shone bright,
Shedding her soft and silver light,
As though to guide us through the night
To God, our Peace and Rest.

Good-night, till Christ shall come again,
To banish sorrow, death, and pain,
And call His saints with Him to reign
In perfect peace and rest.

HANNAH HUNTLY HOPKINS.



CHAPTER XI

HIS WRITINGS, AND A FEW TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY

"Let us rejoice in the progress that the disciples of Æsculapius have made in this crusade against disease, and trust with renewed confidence, that earnestness of purpose and accuracy of aim will enlarge continually the domain of Truth."—EDMUND SYMES-THOMPSON, 1881.

"I mourned the loss
Of those around me, who could not see
The glory, the rapture, revealed to me!
And I spake to the Sun, as he rose to view—
Would God they knew! Would God they knew!"

J. A. GOODCHILD, M.D.,
Author of "Somnia Medici."

CHAPTER XI

HIS WRITINGS, AND A FEW TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

I.

THE following works by Dr. Symes-Thompson are printed in Transactions of Medical Societies, or in book or pamphlet form:

"Two Lectures on Pulmonary Consumption," by the late Theo. Thompson, M.D., F.R.S., with additional chapters by Edmund Symes-Thompson.
"The Influence of Ozonized Cod-liver Oil on the Pulse."
"The Value of Quinine in Fever."
"The Influence of Occupation on Health" (1862).
"Influenza: an Historical Survey," a new edition of his father's book, "Annals of Influenza," from 1510 to 1890, with additions (Percival and Co.).
"Progressive Muscular Atrophy."
"Milk Diet."
"Hydropathy: its Place in Medical Science" (with Dr. C. Grindrod).
"Mediastinal Tumours" (1876).
"The Winter Health Resorts of the Alps" (1878).
"Gout in Relation to Life Insurance" (1879).

"Elevated Health Resorts of the Southern Hemisphere, 1873" (Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society), read at the Medical Society.

Article on "Life Assurance" in Clifford Allbutt's "System of Medicine."

"South Africa as a Health Resort" (read before the Royal Colonial Institute, 1888).

"Cases Suitable for South Africa," read before the Medical Society of London, 1888.

"The Medical Aspects of Life Insurance" (1889).

"Influenza in Schools" (read before the Medical Officers of Schools Association, 1890).

"Extra Rating of Unhealthy Lives" (1899).

"On Spiritualism" (read before the Ishmaelites' Debating Society).

"The Climate of Egypt" (1895).

"Evolution and Heredity" (in the *Humanitarian*, vol. vi., 1895).

"The Proposed College of St. Luke" (describing a visit to Asia Minor and the Holy Land, 1898).

"Will it Injure My Health?" a plea for water-drinking, written for the Church of England Temperance Society.

Several papers and lectures concerning Speech for the Deaf, and the Health of the Deaf.

"Egypt and Algeria" (1901).

"The Climate of Devonshire," with Dr. Lazarus-Barlow. "Climates and Baths of Great Britain," vol. i., p. 65, published by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.

"The Climate of the Channel Islands," in the same volume, p. 105 (1905).

"Treatment in Institutions and Open-Air Nursing Homes" (read before the British Congress on Tuberculosis).

Presidential Address on "Far-Away Climates" (read before the British Climatological and Balneological Society, 1903).

"On the Aids which Science gives to the Religious Mind" (read at the Bristol Church Congress, 1903).

"On the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ" (1904).

"On Gangrene of the Lungs" and "On Hydatids of the Lungs" (in Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine," 1904).

No mention has previously been made of a work of 490 pages, "Influenza: an Historical Survey of Past Epidemics in Great Britain," which is still regarded as a standard work on the subject. In a preface to his revised and enlarged edition of "Annals of Influenza," Edmund Symes-Thompson wrote:

"A complete chronological history of the visitations of the disorder was regarded by the Council of the Sydenham Society as calculated to be of value to medical practitioners. My father, Dr. Theophilus Thompson, in endeavouring to fulfil the difficult but honourable task with which he had been entrusted by the Council, spared no pains in the search, or care in the selection of materials; and presents the facts which are recorded, as far as possible, in the words of the original observers, though —especially as respects the visitation of 1803—such an attempt was by no means easy. Dr. Peacock's book on the epidemic of 1847-48 and the Registrar-General's valuable report have furnished the chief information with regard to that extensive and severe epidemic."

After an introduction about the laws which regulate epidemic diseases, the volume begins with a description of it found in an Irish manuscript of the

fifteenth century, in which this "flighty malady" is described under the names of *Faacht* and *Slaodan*, and as having occurred in Ireland in the fourteenth century. A disease, the symptoms of which answer to those of influenza, is also alluded to in our early Gaelic manuscripts, under the term *Creatan*, from *creat*, the chest. But the first visitation of the disease in the British Islands is that of the year 1510. Sydenham described the epidemic of 1675; two more epidemics followed in that century, ten more between 1709 and 1803, and six between 1803 and the very serious one of 1889-90, which is described carefully by fourteen persons, thirteen of whom were medical authorities.

There is also at the end of the book an index of places visited by each epidemic, as well as a general index.

II.

A few letters, which may be a comfort to the solitary or the sorrowing, are here given.

His nephew, Canon Kempthorne, Rector of Liverpool, wrote:

"I have always thought of the dear Uncle Eddie as a very centre of life, partly because he was always so brimful of love, and love is life. But one rejoices to think that he is more living now than ever, and perhaps a great deal nearer than we can at all conceive. Yet his departure leaves for me a great sense of void and gap, for he was a dear and loving friend to me. May the good Lord help and comfort you! We love to think of his meeting with my dear mother! We have prayed for him and for you at our intercession services, and I

thought very specially of him when we thanked God for those who are with our Lord in Paradise."

J. E. Pollock, M.D., F.R.C.P., for many years his colleague at Brompton Hospital, wrote:

"I am sure you have long known my esteem and personal regard for your dear husband. He was not only a distinguished colleague, but an intimate and valued friend for many years. I write now to assure you that only the infirmity of advanced age (eighty-six) prevented my presence yesterday at St. Peter's."

Lieut.-Colonel Grubb wrote from Hollingbourne:

"No words are needed to assure you of the love we bore and bear to our brother now in company with angels and all the Host of Heaven. 'One star differeth from another star in glory.' Think of him now as a glorified star in the presence of that Saviour whom, having not seen, he loved. These few lines are but the outcome of years of family attachment with yourself, dear Edmund, and with all your children."

And my sister wrote:

"He rests with all the other blessed saints in glory everlasting, waiting for you to join him, never to be parted more. Our grief is very great."

From the widow of my dear brother, Henry George Watkins, who died eight months before, on March 5, 1906:

"By and by you will realize that your happy married life is an eternal possession; and if you cannot hold your dear one by the hand, still you will feel that blessed Communion of Spirit which Christ has promised us. It was 'expedient' that our Lord should 'go away,' and it

must be expedient for us, or we should not have to face life without our dearest, our heart's companion. We are so unworthy of our blessings. When those we love are with us we do mind earthly things—our heart's home is here with them; but when we lose them our real home is no longer here. Our husbands have gone before us. They are 'in Light.' Please God to help me and to help you, that what time is given us here may fit us better for reunion in God's eternal kingdom."

From our niece, C. M. Thompson:

"I feel that the thought of dear Uncle Eddie 'goes forth as a blessing,' and is a joy which will overcome the sorrow in the end."

From G. W. P.:

"He was the kindest and dearest friend we ever had."

From C. M. Cholmeley:

"You know you have your husband's love as an absolute secure treasure in the Father's House. That is where our hearts must be if we are to rest."

From S. Crakelt:

"One of the most beautiful traits in him was the unfailing courage with which he confessed his faith by the sick-bed of ungodly patients. He had just to give his Master's message, and he gave it."

From S. Russell Wells, M.D., Provost of the Guild of St. Luke:

"He was always willing to give that advice and assistance which his seniority and experience made so valuable. The more intimate the knowledge one had

of him, so infinitely the greater became one's love and respect."

Mrs. Scharlieb (President of the Women's Ward of the Guild) wrote of him as "our late revered Provost."

Sir R. Douglas Powell, President of the Royal College of Physicians, wrote of him:

"He enjoyed a large practice, and was a good and sympathetic physician. Perhaps there are few physicians who have done more to help poor gentlefolk than he."

From Sir John Kennaway, P.C., M.P.:

"I feared the worst when I neared your door to-day; but even your last letter had hardly prepared me for it. It is indeed a grief to me that I have lost so true a friend, with whom I had so much in common, and on whom I could so fully rely for counsel and sympathy. It is indeed passing strange that one doing such good service should have been taken in the full performance of his duty. 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' I rejoice to think of the support which your children will afford you in this hour of sore distress."

From Lady Flower:

". . . The beautiful service was so comforting and uplifting. I was glad to see the sun shine forth, and could think of you in that picturesque church at Finmere. I do feel not seeing kind, good Dr. Symes-Thompson again! I used to think how I should like him to come when my time of departure draws near, little thinking he would go first. We must all look forward to meeting him on that further shore to which we are hastening."

From Mrs. Astley Cooper:

"The world has lost a good man, and many of us a most skilful friend and physician."

From the Archdeacon of London:

"I can hardly imagine the altered household. Never was a more united and happy family circle, or husband and wife better suited to each other. It has been his privilege to do great good in his life. May God and Time and the love of all your children comfort you! I am, with deepest sympathy, your old friend of more than forty years,—WILLIAM SINCLAIR."

The Annual Report of the Church of England Temperance Society for 1906 contained this reference:

"Dr. Symes-Thompson was one of the prominent medical men in London who have done so much to bring about the tremendous change in medical opinion which the last twenty years has witnessed."

From the Rev. W. H. Draper:

"Would that all the lay Churchmen of England were of Dr. Symes-Thompson's rare type!"

From Dr. F. J. Wethered, a colleague at the Brompton Hospital:

"He has always been one of our greatest and truest friends, and he will leave a blank which no one else can fill. If it lies in my power, I shall endeavour to be to your son Harry in the future what Dr. Symes-Thompson has been to me in the past."

From Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester:

"So the dreadful blow has fallen upon you. May God comfort you and yours! Your loss is unspeakable. I know how good and wise and gentle your husband was."

From Dr. Martin Woodward (Pershore):

"Dr. Symes-Thompson was a fellow-student of mine at King's College, and in after-life showed me much kindness, and I have always felt it was a great privilege to call him friend."

From Dr. G. B. Morgan (Sunderland):

"The record of his life is one to be deeply thankful for. It is not given to many to shine so brightly. His position was highly distinguished, and he devoted his great gifts to the service of his Lord."

From Dr. Wickham (of Tetbury):

"Your husband was such an old and valued friend of mine that it makes me sad to think that I shall never behold his kindly face again. I know what a good and Christian man he was, and his exemplary life ought to be a bright example to us all and remembered with reverence."

From Dr. Atchley (Clifton, Bristol):

"I greatly regret to hear of the death of my oldest friend, Dr. Symes-Thompson. It seems but a short time ago that we were sitting together on the benches at King's College, but that was really fifty years ago. My wife joins with me in deepest sympathy."

From the Hon. Sir Henry Juta, K.C., of Cape Town:

"I wish I could convey to you what a great loss I feel not only you, but I and all mine and the world itself, have sustained. More than friend to me, one to whom I have much to thank that the world is what it is to-day to me and mine—a living example that a man can be a man, and still do all that Christianity would teach us. He left the world in every sense of the word the better

for his having lived there. It is a great thought that this will arise in the minds of all who knew him. To you and to his children this will be the dearest and most precious heritage; to my children I know it will always be a light, a guiding star in all their lives to come."

From Lady Juta:

"Many thanks for the photograph of the dearest man (except one) I have ever known; and I do think Frank is so like him."

From the Dean of St. Albans (W. J. Lawrance):

"My beloved old school-fellow! I have known him for over fifty years, and in our school-days we were great intimates. I have always found him the same kindly, gentle, thoughtful soul that he was when a boy; and I know what he was as an example of the true Christian and Churchman to the profession of which he was so bright an ornament."

From Colonel Sir Charles Boxall, K.C.B.:

"For some quarter of a century I have known and respected your dear husband. The end of this world's work has come to him almost immediately after what you so lately told me was his sixty-ninth earthly birthday. That means he has had about the old allotted span of threescore years and ten, and so such a death is not altogether tragic; but when I think of his bright and virile personality, his activity and energy, his intuitive courtesy, and his professional zeal, it does seem a tragedy that he should have been so suddenly stricken with a fatal blow whilst in the harness he loved so much, and that you and your devoted children should so unexpectedly be deprived of his earthly presence. I am sure you understand my sympathy and my feelings for you all, and especially for you who were all in all to him."

From Sir Clifford Allbutt, M.D., F.R.C.P., Regius Professor of Medicine in Cambridge (to Dr. H. E. Symes-Thompson):

"A calamity has indeed fallen upon your house. . . . Your father looked always so young, so wonderfully young for his age."

From Dr. Aikman (of Guernsey):

"I had always hoped to see him again, and go away from him, as I always did, feeling a better and a stronger man; but I have not been out of Guernsey since I saw him in 1902. There was no man in or out of his profession who drew one more kindly to him, and that feeling tells me how much all of you who lived in the circle of his wonderful influence will miss him. The 'memory which makes us ourselves, brings precious things from far.'"

From the Rev. F. C. N. Hicks, Keble College:

"You will like to know of the love and reverence and gratitude that he drew out of me, as of others, in all that he did and was for me. I have not chosen the three words carelessly; they have been very real to me to-day, and will be so whenever I think of him. It is Gratitude, not only for many kindnesses, but for having been allowed to know him as I did; Reverence for the doctor's life lived in the Spirit in which he found its power; and Love, if I may say so, for a very true friend."

Dr. William Murray, of Armathwaite Hall, Cumberland, wrote:

"He and I had not only a natural affection for each other, but we had many things in common, so that I have sustained a loss which will never be compensated at my age. Your happy life together will, I doubt not, be a

consoling memory to you. Ever since the days you spent with us just after your marriage I have watched a career of usefulness with intense interest, always conscious that I had in Symes-Thompson the best and truest of friends. Few men in our profession were held in such high esteem, and I feel sure he did us all good. I was so pleased to know H., who seems to have so many traits of his father's character. It is now fifty years since our friendship began, and never a shade of break in it, for which I am very thankful. Mrs. Murray joins me in an assurance of continued affection for you and all your family."

"We can never forget his valuable advice and assistance during, not only my dear father's recent very serious illness, but also my own some years ago. I am grateful to him for practically saving my father's life. Was ever quotation more appropriate, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends'?—W. B. G., U.S. Club, Pall Mall."

"In spirit you will be as if only in the next room, or at worst in another country, each supported by the Presence that has been so much to your lives together. Oh, how he will be missed in many and many a home! —S. E. H., Rangitata, New Zealand."

"It is only due to his unfailing attention that I have lived so long. I always think of him as the kindest man who ever lived.—F. T., Canterbury."

"He will always remain in my memory as a type of supreme kindness, and to him and his I owe some of the happiest moments I have known. London—England will mourn his loss, as a power in his profession.—T. C."

"We have lost the most affectionate, the dearest of friends. 'Ever faithful, ever true'; a 'Saint' if ever there was one. Your old friend.—A. F."

"I did so hope all our prayers would have kept him with us here; but God knows best, and He wished for him to join His Communion of Saints. — A. E. A., Guernsey."

"You have seldom been out of my thoughts since that beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten service on Wednesday. . . . The days I spent with you all at Adelboden, when I walked with him, listening to his most beautiful thoughts as he patiently led me along with my maimed arm, are some of the 'red-letter days' of my life.—L. C., Aldenham."

"I shall always be thankful I knew him so very well, and felt the weight of his example. His memory will never grow dim. I shall still see him, as I last saw him, receiving me back from Denmark, as though I were his child—a truly loving welcome.—P. H."

"Though most of the time the spirit was away, I know he recognized both you and me, and heard our prayers, and that beautiful last verse of 'Abide with me.' His legacy of duty, Christian love, and perfect family relationship will ever dwell with you all.—J. M. S."

"You know, dear, how much I loved him, and have always thought him the best and noblest man I ever knew. I held him as my ideal of what a man ought to be. —H. J."

"He will be missed by hundreds like ourselves, to whom he has been, not only the wonderful Physician, but the kindest friend. His loss will leave a gap in my own life. His was a life lived up to the highest standard —seldom equalled, never excelled.—J. B."

"I heard from Canon Body of your loss, expressing his sincerest sympathy, and looking on to the time when

God will reunite us all. . . . You have the certain knowledge of his continuing love and prayers and God's overshadowing hand.—M. W."

"All will mourn one who gave his life for others.—F. M. D."

"His works will live and benefit the world.—G. F. A.-J."

"As a patient for twenty-six years, I want to express to you my deep sorrow and regret.—M. M. B., Eastbourne."

"Our feelings towards him were personal as well as professional. It is not without difficulty that we talk of him. I have been astonished at the sympathy people have offered even *us* at his loss, so widely does he seem to have been understood as a man of real strength with the gentleness of a thoughtful woman. My eyes dim as I write. It is better to remember in silence.—A. H."

"You do know that I grieve with you, that I mourn one who has been friend and brother to me always all my life, as well as 'good physician' for many, many years. So you will let me sorrow with you, and then turn to the thought of his immeasurable gain. The memory of his beautiful life will be ever with you. To almost countless numbers he has been the healer, and to how many the comforter also. How closely he followed the footsteps of the Great Healer whom he loved, and now that Divine Healer has touched him with a hand of love, and he is healed for ever.—E. C.," Wallington.

"He has left us a splendid example of Christian faith. He was always to me a good friend, and I thank God I knew him.—R. U.," Westbury.

These memories of Edmund Symes-Thompson, a faithful follower of St. Luke, the beloved physician, have, it is hoped, given a glimpse into his character and work which may awaken other happy memories in the mind of the readers.

It has been a labour of love and of sorrow to prepare the little book, for "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier days." Still, I know it will be received by his friends and patients with a reflection of the welcome he would have received from them when he was on earth.

The sonata of his life must have a joyous ending! He was never one to brood over sad subjects, or to waste time by mourning over the unrecoverable Past. He lived joyously in the Present, and was always reaching forward towards the Future. It was not permitted him to say farewell to his many friends before he left them. But he is now in the Light, beckoning us onward, and we have a sure and certain hope that he will welcome us in that glorious unknown land towards which we are travelling. In the words of Browning:

> "Through such souls alone,
> God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
> For us in the dark, to rise by."

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